The South: A Search and a Prayer

October 10, 1963 35¢

SAIGON: THE LADY & THE CADAVER

THE REPORTER

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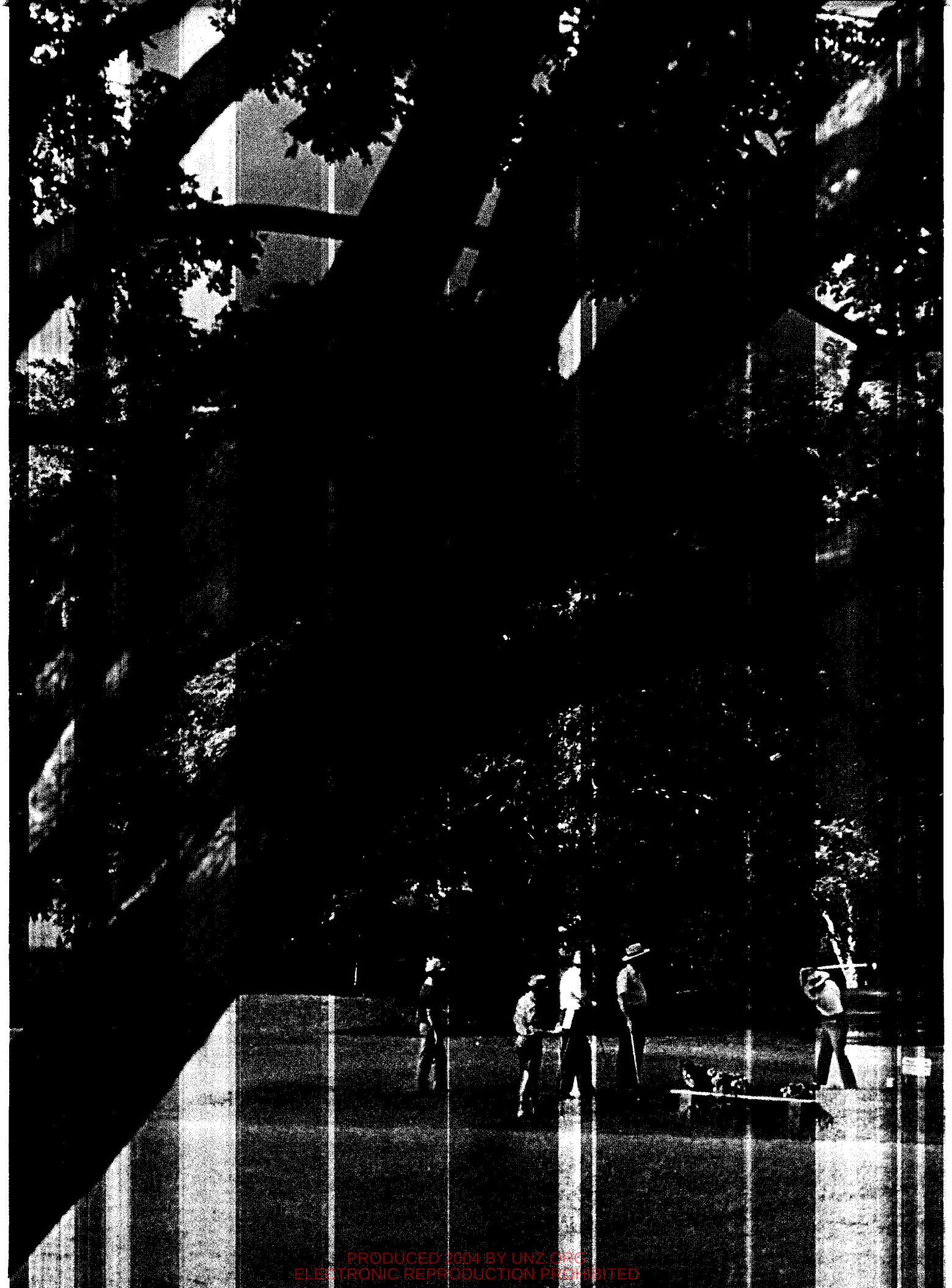

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Executives of Union Carbide and Brunswick speak out after a round of golf

721 U.S. plants in Puerto Rico are *averaging* 28 percent annual return on investment. Such prosperity might make you think their executives have no time to play. Set your mind at rest. Our photograph shows Union Carbide and Brunswick executives at 6 P.M. on a weekday *in winter.*

UNION CARBIDE makes petrochemicals in Puerto Rico. Brunswick makes sporting goods. They compete only on the golf course.

To get an idea of the life their executives lead, we talked to these golfing rivals at the 19th hole.

Contented executives

"If you come here to live, throw away your winter woolies," says Ken West, Brunswick's General Manager. "I haven't felt the itch of long johns since I came here ten winters ago."

Union Carbide's Bob Sollenberger believes in being prepared. "Always keep your golf clubs and swimsuit in your car," he says. "You'll often want to take a dip or play a round of golf on your way home from work."

The sheer ebullience of Puerto Rico is what impresses Carbide's John Anthony.

"We've got mountains, beaches, rain forests, lakes, and some of the best fishing in the world. But sports apart, there's so much going on in the arts, in town-planning and in community education. You'd have to be a confirmed homebody to miss it all."

Is there a language problem? Oscar Castro, Jr., Brunswick's Personnel Manager is adamant on the subject. "Forget it," says this native-born Puerto Rican. "You don't need Spanish here any more than you need it in Chicago. We all learn English at school."

The enthusiasm of these executives has its workaday side, too.

When you are fighting commuter trains, they are breezing to work by car. When you are trudging back from lunch through slushy streets, they are taking a post-prandial sunbath. When you are *searching* for skilled workers, they are *choosing* from a labor pool screened for *their* needs by the Commonwealth Government.

Puerto Rico leaves no stone unturned to help manufacturers prosper.

Blue chips in Puerto Rico

Union Carbide, Brunswick, Parke-Davis, Sperry Rand, American Can, and Shell Oil are among 47 blue-chip firms already in Puerto Rico. They make excellent neighbors and good people to challenge at golf.

For manufacturers: "Puerto Rico '63"—a report to industry on productivity, profits and special incentives. Write on your firm's letterhead to: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. K1, 666 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

← *Union Carbide takes on Brunswick at the attractive new Ponce Country Club in Puerto Rico. All four of these executives are less than 15 minutes from their desks. Photo by Tom Hollyman.*

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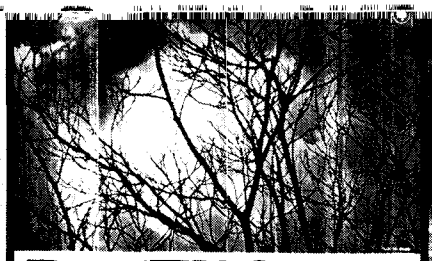

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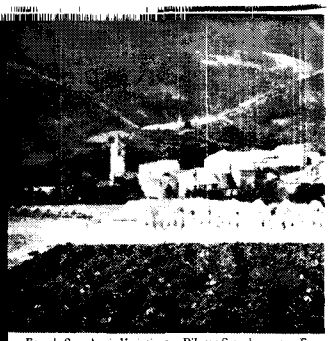

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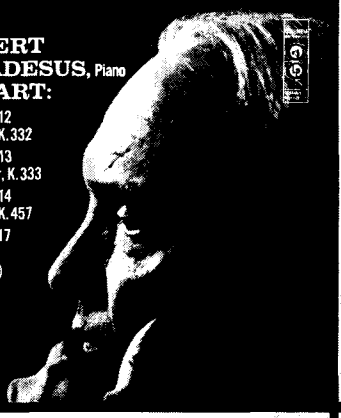

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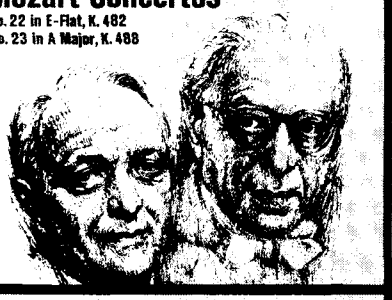

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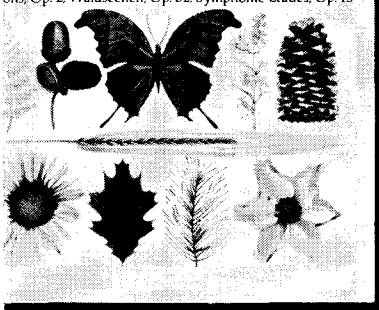

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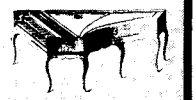

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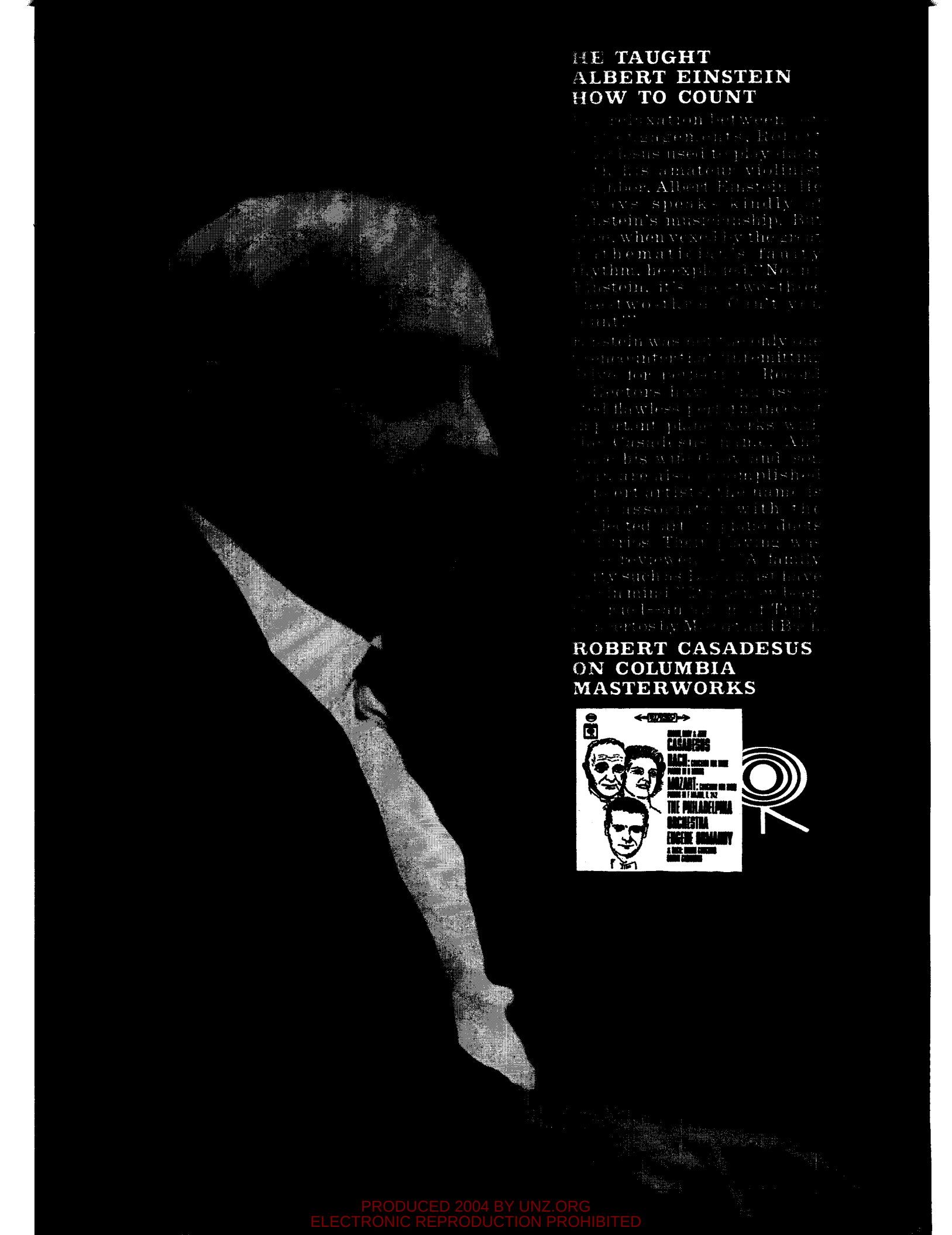

HE TAUGHT ALBERT EINSTEIN HOW TO COUNT

[illegible] conversation between [illegible] Robert [illegible] Casadesus used to play duets [illegible] his amateur violinist [illegible] Albert Einstein. He [illegible] says spoke kindly [illegible] Einstein's musicianship. But [illegible] when vexed by the [illegible] mathematician's fumbles [illegible] time, he explained, "No, no, Einstein, it's one-two-three, one-two-three. Can't you count?"

Einstein was not [illegible] only one [illegible] uncomfortable [illegible] time for [illegible] Robert Casadesus has [illegible] flawless performances [illegible] important places [illegible] the Casadesus name. All [illegible] his wife Gaby and [illegible] one of the accomplished [illegible] duet artists, the name [illegible] associated with [illegible] lighted art of four-hands duets [illegible] Their playing was [illegible] reviewers: "A family [illegible] such as they must have [illegible] human." "... a beautiful [illegible] ... Toscanini [illegible] Mozart [illegible]

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VOLUME 29, NO. 6 **OCTOBER 10, 1963**

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THE REPORTER, October 10, 1963, Volume 29, No. 6. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

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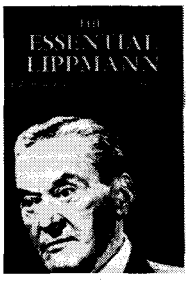

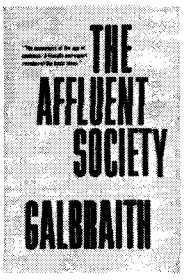

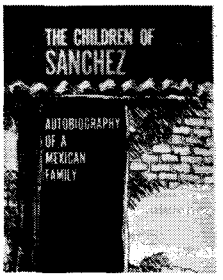

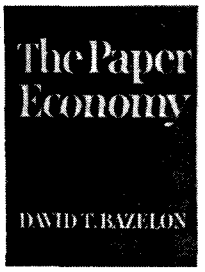

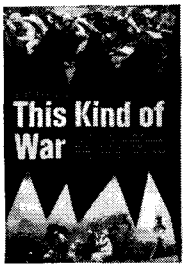

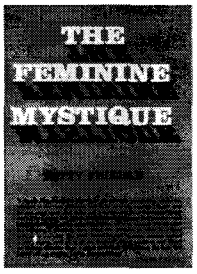

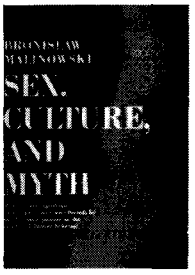

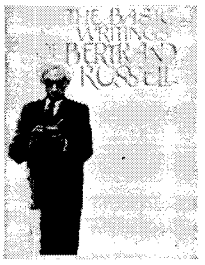

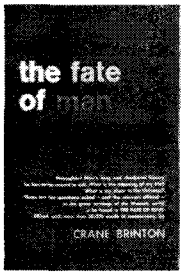

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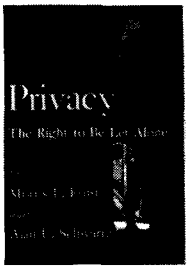

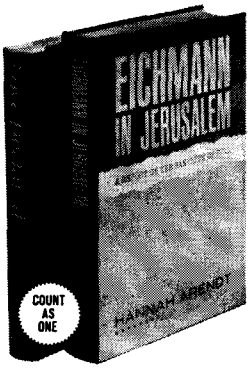

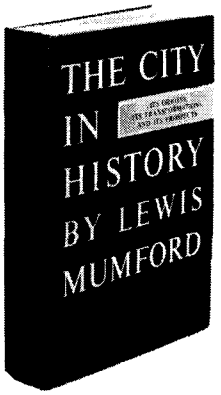

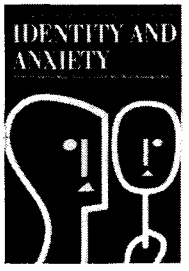

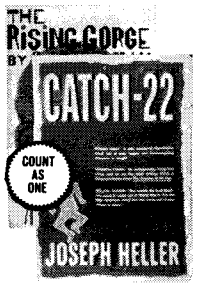

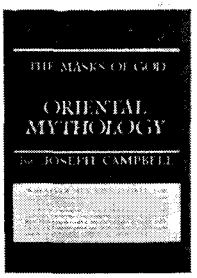

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE CURRENT struggle of the American Negroes and their allies is certainly a curious kind of revolution, fought by a very disciplined sort of rebel who may despise certain aspects of the social order but who essentially wants his share of it. This Negro revolution, as **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial, is not being waged by people who want out—but by people who want in. . . . **Douglass Cater,** our National Affairs Editor, was born and raised in the Deep South, and he recently took a trip through once familiar scenery to listen to the talk and study the mood of Southerners both black and white. He found that while the outward forms of equality are being altered rapidly, the more important distances between the two races are still there, some of them even increasing. . . . And yet there is a vision inspiring those who march and ride and go to jail and even give their lives. There is thus a tone that might almost be called jubilation in **Vincent Harding's** eloquent report on how it feels to be a participant in the Freedom Movement. Mr. Harding's article "A Beginning in Birmingham" appeared in our June 6 issue, and we are once again proud to present the views of this distinguished Negro lay minister, a native New Yorker who has been living in the South for two years as a representative of the Mennonite Central Committee. The material contained in his article in this issue was originally prepared to appear as part of a book entitled *The Dark Tower: Perspectives on the American Experience,* edited by Nathan Scott and Ralph Ellison. . . . The drawings that illustrate the Southern articles are by **Tom Feelings.** A portfolio of this brilliant Negro artist's drawings appeared just a year ago in our issue of October 11, 1962.

WHEN our Mediterranean correspondent, **Claire Sterling,** last reported from Algeria early in 1959, the overriding problem in that troubled land was settlement of the war for independence. Independence has been won, but as President Ahmed Ben Bella took office last month, the problems of peace seemed even more trying than those of wartime. . . . President Kennedy's dramatic invitation to Russia for a joint moon exploration poses many practical engineering and security questions, but equally interesting are the political questions of the reason, timing, and sincerity of the proposal. **John W. Finney** is a member of the New York *Times* Washington staff assigned to scientific reporting. . . . Now that the U.N. has set a limit on the life of its Congo military force, the control of that chaotic country will soon be in the hands of the Congolese. **Russell Warren Howe,** chief Africa correspondent of the Washington Post Company, reports that he expects the next government is apt to be an army junta. . . . While gathering material on the machinations of the Ngo Dinh family in Vietnam for articles appearing in our last issue and in this one, the Australian journalist **Denis Warner** was subjected to a search of his belongings and had to leave Saigon after being accused of acting as an agent for the Buddhists. . . . The At Home & Abroad section of this issue opens with an article by Claire Sterling and closes with one by her husband. **Thomas Sterling's** most recent books, *Stanley's Way* and a novel, *Unity's Children* (both Atheneum), are based on his extensive travel in Africa.

THIS is the season when some exceptionally broad-minded freshman may feel that he is not losing his dignity by granting his old-grad father permission to accompany him on an opening-day inspection. It is hard to guess which of the two will be the more confused by the novelties a modern university presents. . . . In **Howard Nemerov's** story, the contemporary university confuses even its president. Mr. Nemerov, currently serving as poetry adviser to the Library of Congress, is the author of *Commodity of Dreams, and Other Stories* (Simon and Schuster); his most recent book is *The Next Room of the Dream; Poems and Two Plays* (University of Chicago). . . . According to **John Speicher,** associate editor of *Natural History,* who says that his opinions are not necessarily those of his magazine, confusions and specializations plague the sciences as well as the university. . . . **Fred Grunfeld,** a regular contributor now living on Mallorca, writes about Glinka, the precursor of modern Russian music. . . . **William Knapp,** a New York editor, discusses a best seller. . . . **M. L. Rosenthal,** poet and critic, is the author of *Modern Poets* (Oxford) and *A Primer of Ezra Pound* (Macmillan).

The cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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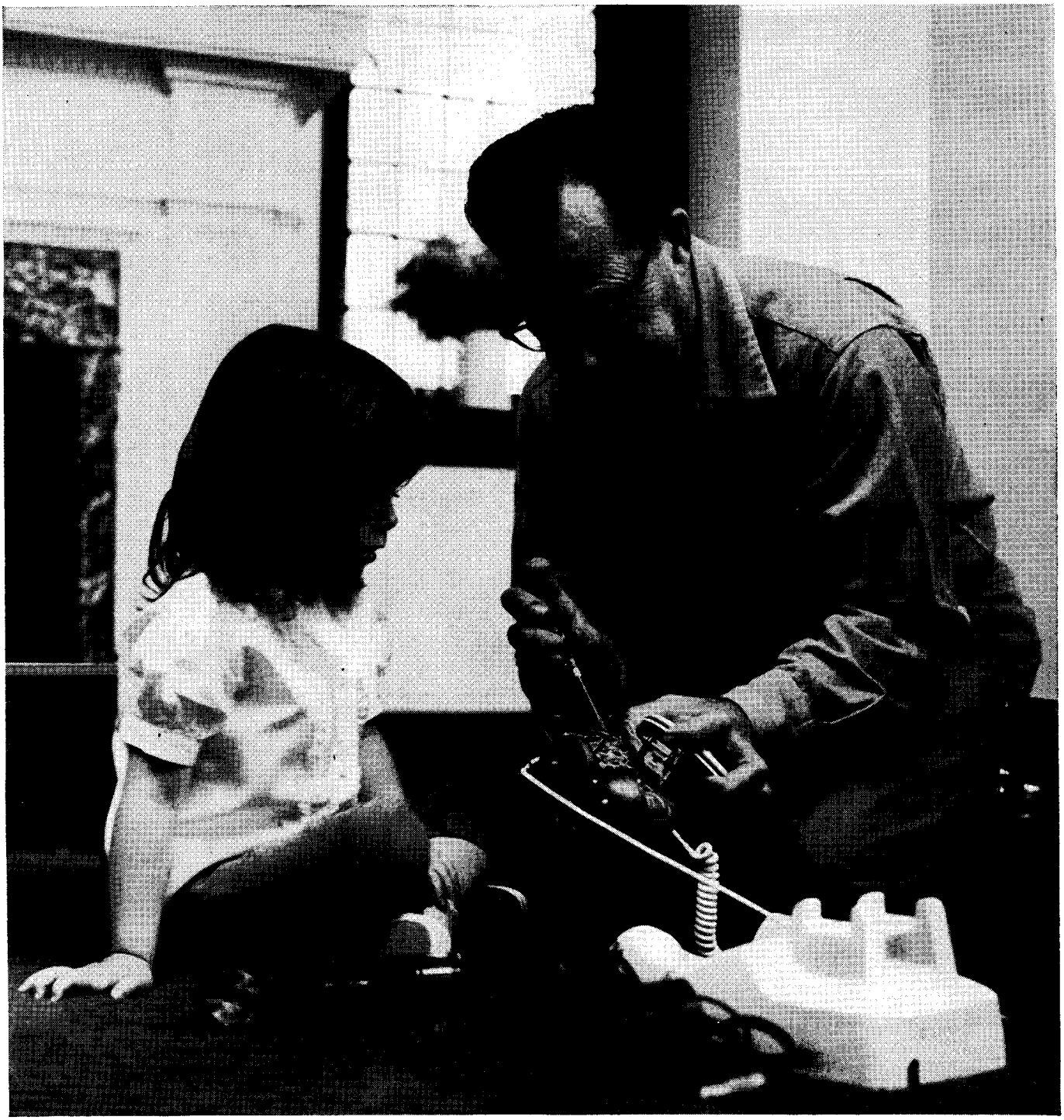

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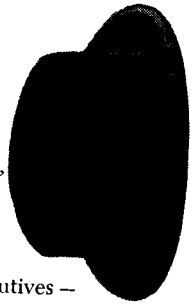

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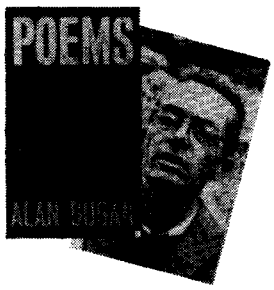

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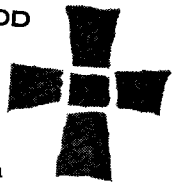
by Cleanth Brooks.



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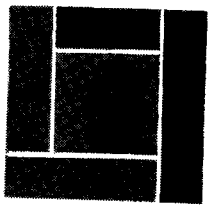

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CORRESPONDENCE

KEATING AND CUBA

To the Editor: In a letter published in your September 12 issue, Senator Kenneth Keating of New York repeats the distorted version of events in last fall's Cuban crisis which has now become his major political stock in trade.

Referring, for example, to the activities of top intelligence experts at the time of Cuba, the senator charges "the intelligence data were tailored to fit their theories."

He goes on to say that both he and Hanson W. Baldwin had "irrefutable evidence of ballistic missile base construction" well before the October 14 date when the first U-2 photographs were taken. Both statements can be demonstrated to be without foundation by the report on the Cuban crisis published last May by the Senate Preparedness subcommittee.

Many top intelligence officials, the subcommittee report acknowledges, did believe that the Soviets would not put long-range missiles in Cuba. But they never let that belief color their handling of intelligence data. On the contrary, all reports of long-range missiles in Cuba, the subcommittee declared unanimously, "were checked out as scrupulously as possible . . . there was no confirmation of them." So Mr. Keating is wrong. The data were emphatically not "tailored to fit their theories." And any conflicting evidence, far from being swept under the rug, was "checked out . . . scrupulously."

As for the senator's contention that both he and Mr. Baldwin had "irrefutable evidence" of Cuban missile activity prior to October 14, the unanimous subcommittee report is likewise most emphatic: "There was a great volume of unconfirmed reports and rumors from human sources about strategic missile-related activity in Cuba. None of these reports were confirmed prior to October 14." The senator is dead wrong again. Nobody, but nobody, had *confirmed* evidence of long-range missiles in Cuba *before* October 14.

With an election just around the corner, one can see why the junior senator from New York might try so hard to rewrite history. What is odd is that he should keep this up even when the document that effectively disproves him is so readily available in Washington.

SAMUEL S. STRATTON
House of Representatives
Washington

The Editor replies:
Of course we were familiar with the document Congressman Stratton refers to, for it was quoted in the article by Hanson Baldwin in the August 15 issue of *The Reporter*, and it is our habit to check to the best of our ability everything we publish. But we did not mind taking a second look at the document and found Mr. Stratton

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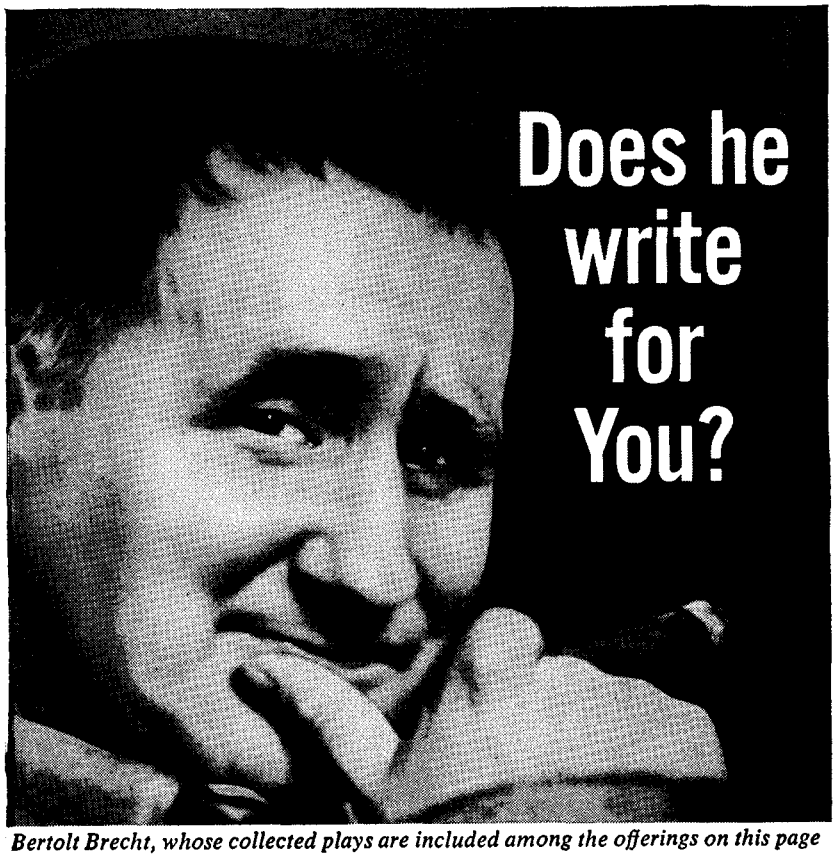

Bertolt Brecht, whose collected plays are included among the offerings on this page

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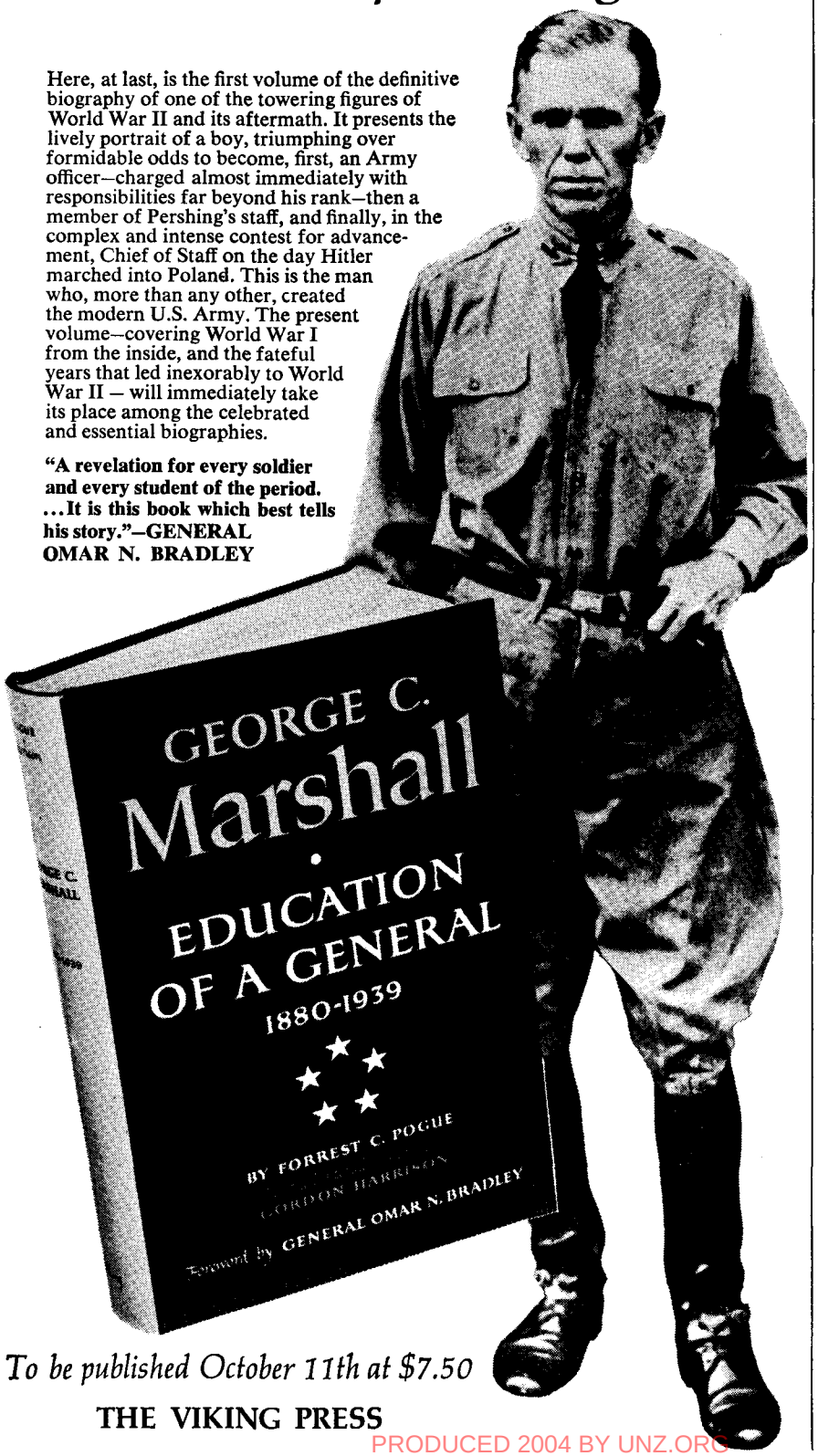

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right on one point: there was no confirmation of the stories about strategic missile sites in Cuba until October 14, when the weather allowed good aerial photographs to be taken. Most attempts to take pictures from August 30 to October 14 were prevented by bad weather.

The first of Congressman Stratton's quotes refers to July and August and reads as follows, the words we italicize filling in for his dots. "These reports were checked out as scrupulously as possible, *but even though many of them included consistent and similar descriptions of some form of missile activity*, there was no confirmation of them." The second quote was followed closely by this statement: ". . . after mid-September some reports of missiles being introduced into Cuba were suggestive enough of strategic or offensive weapons to arouse the suspicions of intelligence analysts. This resulted in the conclusion—apparently reached near the end of September 1962—that there was a suspect medium-range ballistic missile (MRBM) site in Pinar del Rio Province. As a result, photographic coverage of the suspect area was proposed . . ." On October 14, the conclusion was confirmed.

We were particularly interested in the subcommittee's summary of its findings: "In reaching their pre-October 14 negative judgment, the intelligence analysts were strongly influenced by their judgment as to Soviet policy and indications that strategic missiles were being installed were not given proper weight by the intelligence community. A contributing factor to this was the tendency on the part of the intelligence people to discredit and downgrade reports of Cuban refugees and exiles."

We could quote more from the report that Mr. Stratton brought again to our attention, but we think this is enough. It was interesting reading.

HOW GOOD IS GOLD?

To the Editor: Your editorial Note of September 12 criticizing the use of gold in international finance was not completely convincing. Doesn't gold provide a cushion for our unfavorable balance of payments, without which we would have to adopt currency controls or dollar devaluation immediately?

Your suggestion that a permanent international deficit could be covered by some undiscovered system shows positive thinking and imagination, but I think that our acceptance of a permanent deficit would be an admission that we could never pay our international debts and we would quickly lose what international credit we now have.

ALBERT LILLIEFORS
Lansing, Michigan

AFRICAN STUDENTS

To the Editor: David Hapgood's "The Competition for Africa's Students" (*The Reporter*, September 12) points out some of the deplorable attitudes which the African student returning home lets

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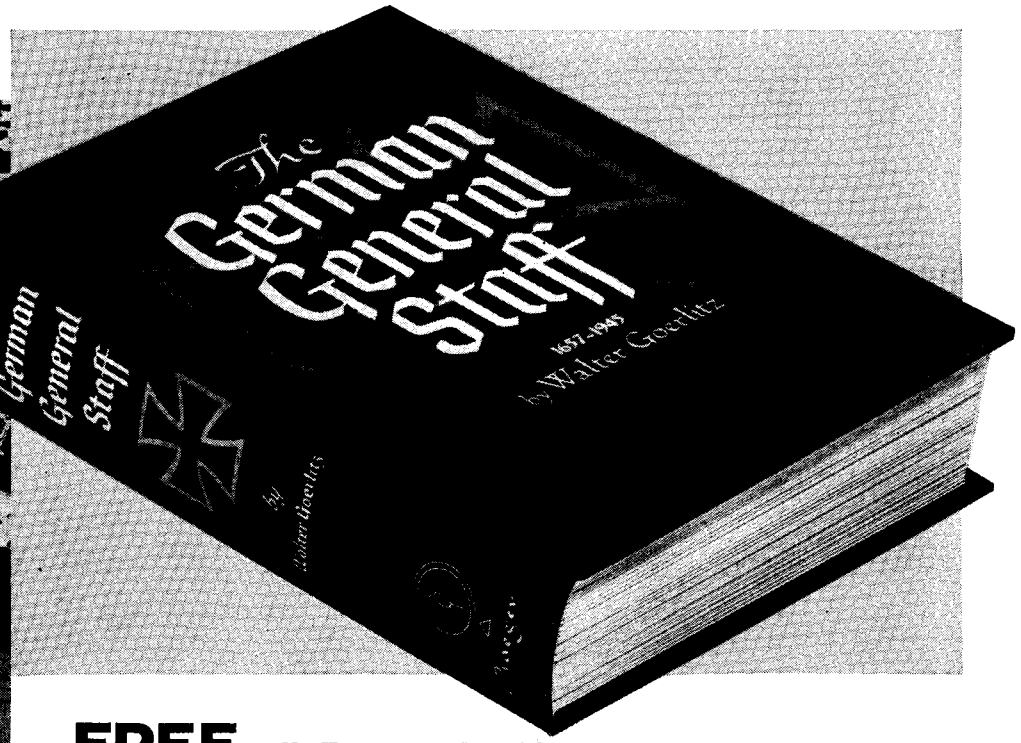
Victorious German tanks parade after invasion of Poland, 1939. (European Picture Service)



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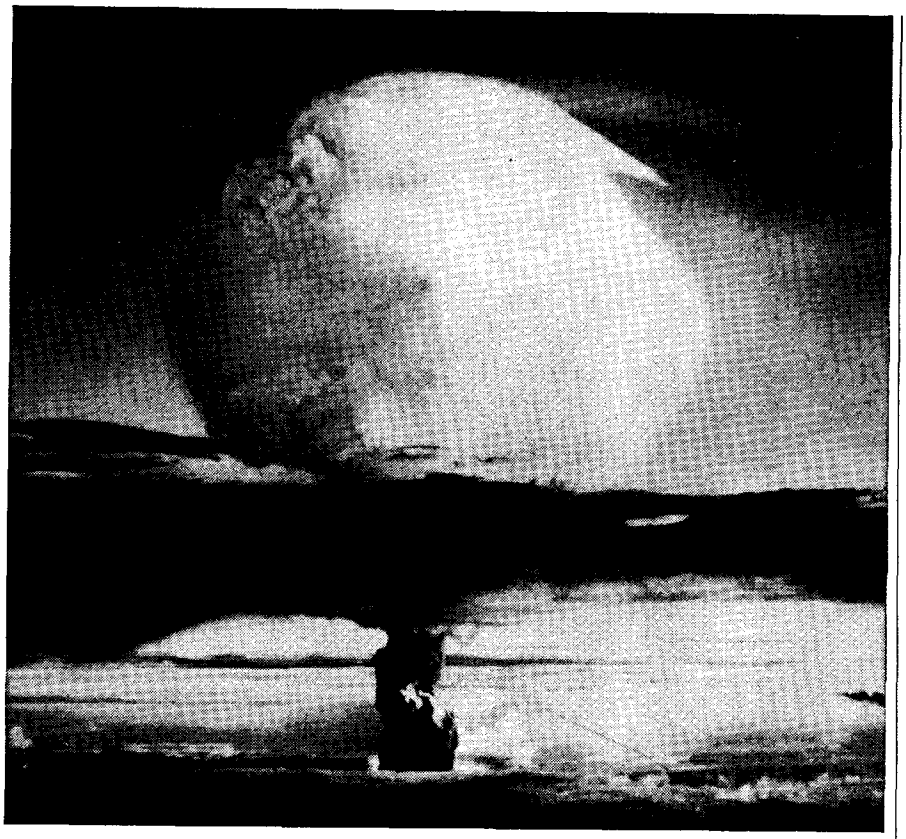

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U. S. COMMITTEE FOR THE UNITED NATIONS

himself drift into. The situation also occurs because of the competition between the big powers, which tends to make the student overestimate his importance instead of making him aware of the political game being played.

But as an African student myself, I can assure you that most of the students are genuinely dedicated persons —*if* the existing government gives them a chance to be so. A perfect example of this can be seen right now in Brazzaville, where both young uneducated people and university students have volunteered their services in cleaning the streets and the drains of the city after the country carried out a political revolution last August.

E. BOUNDZEKI DONGALA
Oberlin College
Oberlin, Ohio

To the Editor: It is true that scholarship offers are being showered on African governments from all sides. But most countries in Africa have tried valiantly to keep some balance and perspective in their acceptance.

Earlier this year, some thirteen thousand students in twenty-seven African countries applied for scholarships under the African Scholarship Program of American Universities, which the African-American Institute administers. After an elaborate process of testing, checking, and interviewing, 270 were selected. Surely Mr. Hapgood would not describe their admission to this program as "remarkably easy."

JULIEN ENGEL
African-American Institute
New York

To the Editor: Our experience here in Cambridge working with the vast group of unsponsored African students in this country is that most Africans have a pretty tough time managing to raise the necessary funds for school costs and supporting themselves. We are constantly exposed to Africans who are living beneath minimal standards in this country. The vast majority of them are hard-working and capable. And let us not forget that there are over four thousand unsponsored Africans studying in this country who need all the help we can give them.

JAMES R. BLANNING, Vice Chairman
African Student Service
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Mr. Hapgood replies:
Of course there are many African students abroad who have a tough struggle under difficult financial and cultural conditions. As Mr. Blanning points out, these are unsponsored students, many of whom came here on their own. They deserve sympathy and, more important, help. I was not writing about them. I was writing about the unfortunate results of politically motivated sponsorship, and my criticisms were aimed at the sponsors rather than at the students, who are simply victims of a world they never made.

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" . . . *The Kennedy Administration believes that in terms of its worldwide responsibility and vast commitment in Vietnam, it has no choice, morally and politically, except to seek through Florentine diplomacy in Saigon . . . the removal of the regime . . .*"—New York Times.

Airgram No. 257
To: Amembassy Saigon
From: Department of State
Subject: Florentine Diplomacy, hereinafter: Florendip.

Following instructions to supersede all, repeat, all policy directives previously received under headings Ugly American, Hands Across the Paddy, and Operation Howdy Neighbor. Secretary directs immediate cancellation any plans for embassy personnel to be photographed either wading, singing, or assisting without shoes in opium harvest. All previous memoranda concerning desirability of adopting native dress now invalid. Florentine dress optional. Secretary suggests use own judgment this matter avoiding, however, costumes likely to frighten local population. Remember, if at all feasible, who it is we are trying to remove. For your information, documents office forwarding all personnel copies N. Machiavelli, *The Prince*. Policy Planning advises careful reading Chapter 17: "Of cruelty and clemency, and whether it is better to be loved or feared."

Airgram No. 258
To: Department of State
From: Amembassy Saigon
Subject: Florendip

Regret AP wirephoto military attaché riding water buffalo. Photograph taken prior your directive. Staff puzzled attitude of you and N. Machiavelli toward relationship of State to overseas representatives. Refer specifically section reading as follows: "And as he knew that the harshness of the past had engendered some amount of hatred, in order to purge the minds of the people and to win them over completely, he resolved to show that if any cruelty had taken place it was not by his orders, but through the harsh disposition of his minister. And having found the opportunity he had him cut in half and placed one morning in the public square." Request clarification soonest. Second Secretary has defected.

Airgram No. 259
To: Amembassy Saigon
From: Department of State
Subject: Defection of Second Secretary to Viet Cong.

"Men must either be caressed or else annihilated; they will revenge themselves for small injuries but cannot do so for great ones; the injury therefore that we do to a man must be such that we need not fear his vengeance." Proceed annihilationwise.

Airgram No. 260
To: Department of State
From: Amembassy Saigon
Subject: Deteriorating Situation

Second Secretary's defection was not, repeat, not to Viet Cong but to CIA. Regret unclarity. Suggest unwise Department to have forwarded copies N. Machiavelli to all personnel including intelligence, military, technical assistance, and information. Situation here, i.e., in Amembassy, increasingly unstable. Request Department publicly affirm confidence in Ambassador. Please affirm or deny press report White House aide characterized appointment present Ambassador example of Florentine preparation for upcoming U.S. election.

Airgram No. 261
To: Amembassy Saigon
From: Department of State
Subject: Deteriorating Situation

"For the Romans did in these cases what all wise princes should do, who consider not only present but future discords and diligently guard against them . . . " Foregoing is answer received today from White House re your query. Secretary wishes immediate clarification rumor UPI, King Features Syndicate that CIA has defected to Viet Cong.

Airgram No. 262
To: Department of State
From: Amembassy Saigon
Subject: Upcoming U.S. Election

"Cesare Borgia, commonly called Duke Valentine, acquired the State by influence of his father and lost it . . . although every measure was adopted by him and everything done that a prudent and capable man could do to establish himself firmly . . . " Please relay to White House.

Airgram No. 263
To: Amembassy Saigon
From: Department of State
Subject: Critical Situation

Attorney General wishes to know who, repeat, who has seized control of transmitter USIS-Saigon.

For and Against the Grain

"The Bible tells us that if our enemies hunger to feed them." So Senator McGovern, in a free rendition of Proverbs 25:21, advised his colleagues on September 17. He was commenting on the news that Canada had agreed to sell the Soviet Union $500 million worth of wheat, of which $33 million would be for Cuba. "It does not say that we can not take money when they are able to pay for it," he added in an obvious bid to qualify the United States as a potential seller.

The South Dakotan's remarks were matched by a bewildering array of statements and opinions that followed the Canadian announcement. Senator Aiken of Vermont maintained that a " . . . strong solvent Canada . . . contributes more

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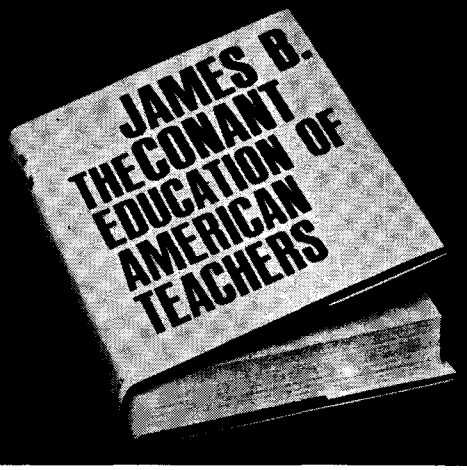

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to our hemisphere defense than a bankrupt Canada would do," a judgment impossible to controvert. As for hopes that the wheat deal would make Canada a better customer for the United States, these were quickly scotched when within days there came news that Canada was cutting U.S. automobile imports by some $200 million.

A somber note was struck by Senator Keating of New York, who denounced Canada for shipping Soviet-financed wheat to Cuba: "pursuit of profit" rather than Christian charity had led the Canadian government to ". . . deliberately flout the mutual interest of the entire hemisphere in encouraging a Soviet withdrawal from Cuba." But what did Senator Keating expect the U.S. to do, inquired Senator Aiken—sever diplomatic relations with Canada?

And so it went. Senator Aiken could " . . . not recall any instance in history in which any people have been starved into democracy," and North Dakota's Senator Young accused our foreign-sales policies of making us withhold ". . . our greatest weapon to gain friendship throughout the world, that of making our huge food surpluses available to starving people." (But according to Senator Aiken, our food surpluses do in fact reach the starving people, but only via our allies who " . . . are doing a land office business.")

Senator Humphrey was so incensed at our anachronistic export policy that his strictures hit even his fellow Minnesotan, Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman. Sounding remarkably like a staunch Middle Western Republican, Senator Humphrey called upon the government "to let the American wheat farmer do business instead of keeping him under controls, regulations, supply management [this being a phrase practically copyrighted by another Minnesotan, Freeman's chief economist, Willard Cochrane], and restrictions which he does not like."

After the fact that the United States was sitting on more than a billion bushels of wheat had been alternatively praised as evidence of our economic system's superiority and condemned as a witness to the naïveté and shortsightedness of our trade policy, it turned out that (1) the Soviets have not asked us to sell

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The REA Controversy

REA Power Deals Called Unfair Drain on Taxpayers
Unfortunately, this award follows a pattern that has
Because Treasury loans to REA now make up about 3 billion dollars of the national debt, every taxpayer should be concerned. As you also pointed out in your editorial,
9 Millions Loaned to Co-op by REA
WASHINGTON—The head of the Rural Electrification Administration Monday lashed at a private power company as he announ
man M. Clapp said the loan would enable the Upshur Rural Electri
Good Intentions Going Wrong
FUNDS ADVANCED by Congress to the Rural Electrification Administration to bring power to the nation's farms give every ap-
work. Working with the Department of Interior, REA is using the bulk of its annual appropriation to finance huge steam
REA Should Be Curbed
a situation which has been creating considerable interest in
REA Is Ready to Wear 'Long Pants'
Once the farmer's friend—and an agency with scarcely an enemy in the world—the Rural Electrification Administration today is finding itself, increasingly, in political hot
cent federal loans which—while once essential in providing rural power—now are being used to finance huge generating plant
It Has Forgotten Its Purpose
A basic national issue is posed by shifts in Rural Electrification Administration policy and the increasing aggressiveness of REA
feeling the pinch of a competition few anticipated when REA was established. The specter of nationalization is seen by some unless these

You might not even know what the REA is, or that it's controversial. But a controversy exists, and it involves you as a taxpayer, as a customer of an investor-owned electric light and power company (perhaps as a shareholder, too), or as a member of a rural electric cooperative.

To begin with, REA stands for the Rural Electrification Administration, a bureau of the Federal Government in Washington. It was established in 1936 to make loans to local agencies who would help get electricity to rural America. The local agencies were called rural electric cooperatives (now sometimes "rural electric systems"). These systems borrow money from the Federal Government at 2% interest. As cooperatives, they pay no Federal income tax.

Because investor-owned electric companies and rural electric co-ops worked as good neighbors, electricity now flows in plentiful supply throughout our nation's farmlands. Yet the REA recently asked the treasury for more loan appropriations than ever before ($425 million in the last budget, compared with only $175 million back in 1952).

Many people—magazine and newspaper writers and editors, congressmen, senators, business leaders, farm leaders—have asked for an explanation of the REA's ever-growing budget. General maintenance and the "heavying up" of existing lines account for part of the huge expenditure. But the heaviest portion is requested for building generating plants and high-voltage lines.

Considering this, thoughtful people are asking whether the REA in Washington is encouraging some rural electric co-ops to build power plants and transmission lines where they are not needed. Many people are wondering whether the REA is loaning money to some co-ops to help build a Federal power system not authorized by Congress.

Many other questions have been asked about REA loans: Are they being used by REA in Washington to urge local rural electric co-ops to expand into urban and industrial service, in contradiction to the purpose for which they were established? Is it proper for the REA to lend public funds while keeping the basis for the loan a secret? Is the REA in Washington injuring its once-honored image, and also the honored images of the local rural electric cooperatives?

Naturally, we in the electric light and power companies also ask these questions. But our voice is only one among many. Perhaps your voice should join in, too, for the question of how you want your tax dollars to be used has great bearing on this nationwide controversy.

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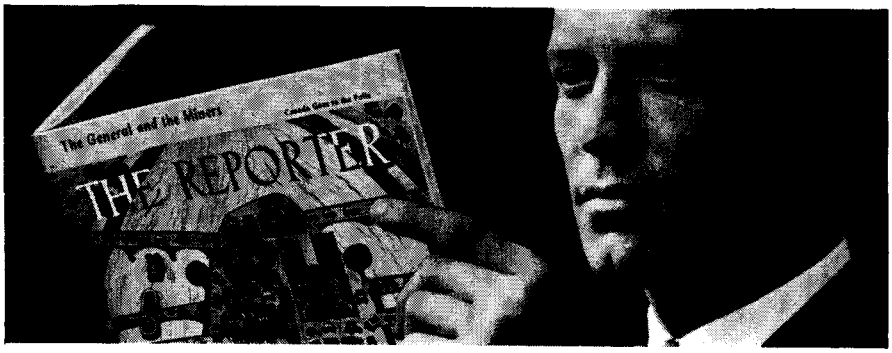

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them wheat; (2) if they did, we would offer it to them, if at all, at some fifty cents a bushel above the Canadian price (which may explain why they have not asked us in the first place); and (3) we would ask for cash on the barrelhead, since any mention of credit would get us involved in the intricacies of the Johnson Act, which since 1934 has prohibited credit to defaulters on First World War loans. Thus no immediate sales seem likely.

This may be just as well, for it will provide time for some orderly thinking. Already Secretary of Commerce Hodges has let it be known that he favors increased trade, and sentiment on the Hill is obviously more receptive to diversity of opinion on the subject than it has been for a long time. The *Wall Street Journal* reported that a number of U.S. firms favor increased trade with the East, but officials of the International Harvester Company expressed fear of stockholders' ire if they should sell equipment to Russia; they were also fearful that the Russians might just buy their machines to copy them. And of course, sooner or later, as some have pointed out, the Soviets would insist we open our doors to Russian imports, as they have already asked the Canadians to do. What anguished cries for protection that would provoke!

There seems, then, little chance that the U.S. is about to follow in Canada's footsteps, despite all the talk of getting in on a good thing.

Dog Days in Congress

One young senator remarked the other evening that he rather liked having Congress work the year round, as it clearly intends to do this session. Everything is so relaxed. A member needn't mind ducking out for a few days to visit constituents or take a vacation. He himself had already spent three weeks away from Washington and was planning a couple more, the young senator declared while comfortably puffing a cigar.

Roaming the quiet corridors of the Capitol, one might wonder whether all the members were on a tranquilizer kick. After the latest flurry of activity with Senate ratification of the test-ban treaty and House

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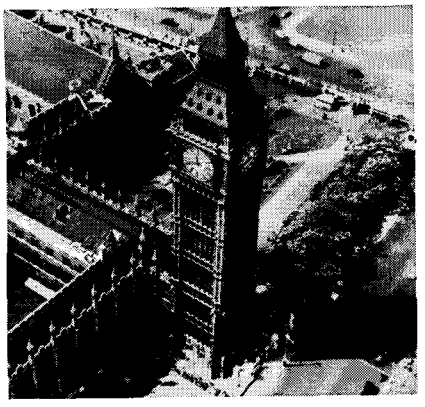

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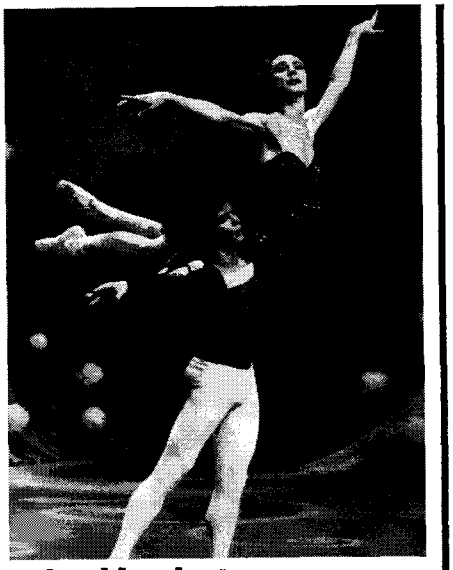

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Some programs of special interest

Apollo—A Journey to the Moon
Report on the U.S. manned lunar mission.
Tuesday, October 1 (10-11 PM)

The French: They Are So French
Literary impressions of the national character.
Wednesday, October 2 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Directions in Israel
A 5-part study of Israeli art and culture.
Sundays, October 6-13-20-27 (1-1:30 PM)

Elizabeth Taylor in London
A guided tour by a native daughter.
Sunday, October 6 (10-11 PM)

Telephone Hour
Robert Preston, Nureyev and Beriosova, Anna Moffo, Richard Tucker, and Grant Johannesen.
Tuesday, October 8 (10-11 PM)

Do You Know?
Children's series based on books.
Saturdays, beginning October 12 (12:30-1 PM)

The Voyage of Christopher Columbus
Documentary narrative for children.
Sunday, October 13 (12:30-1 PM)

1492
A decisive year in the saga of Western man.
Wednesday, October 16 (10-11 PM)

The Tunnel
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Sunday, October 20 (3:30-5 PM)

The Tempest
Maurice Evans, Richard Burton, Roddy McDowall, Lee Remick.
Sunday, October 20 (6-7:30 PM)

Crisis: Behind a Presidential Commitment
A study of Executive decision-making in the University of Alabama confrontation.
Monday, October 21 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Oh, Be Joyful!
Reflections of England's changing institutions.
Wednesday, October 23 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The World's Girls
Women in their many roles.
Friday, October 25 (10-11 PM)

Vincent Van Gogh: A Self-Portrait
Sunday, October 27 (3-4 PM)

Keep It Cool
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Sunday, October 27 (6-6:30 PM)

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Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

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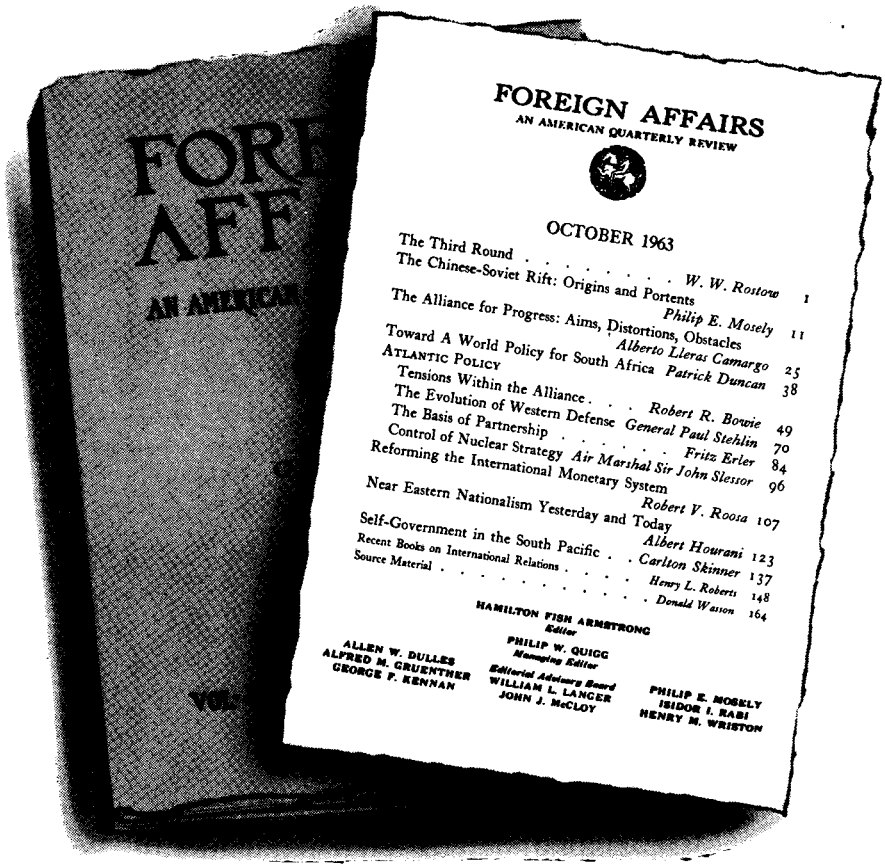
FOREIGN AFFAIRS
AN AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW
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passage of the tax bill, Congress has headed into another slump. By late September, once the absolute target date for adjournment, it had enacted only a half dozen pieces of legislation that could be rated as major: excise-tax extension, lifting the debt ceiling, compulsory railway arbitration, feed-grain controls, extension of the draft, and aid to medical education. The only other significant program to pass both houses —legislation to help build mental-health facilities—had gone to conference after being slashed by the House to a fraction of the President's request. Only three departmental appropriations bills had passed. The other branches of government have been financed since June 30 by temporary extensions of last year's bills.

Evidence of boredom is overwhelming. Senator Harry F. Byrd's Finance Committee is taking its own sweet time even to begin hearings on the tax bill now that it has passed the House. On the civil-rights bill, Senator James O. Eastland's Judiciary Committee is no further along even though Attorney General Robert Kennedy has finished a marathon wrestling match with Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina. The House has been reluctant to deal with anything else very controversial until passage of the civil-rights package, and its prospects for reaching the floor are still a good way off.

If there is growing restlessness among the leaders, it is well concealed. House Speaker John W. McCormack has made it known that he considers the present schedule entirely adequate. And Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, vowing not to be hurried into all-night sessions as a way of fighting the approaching filibuster on civil rights, has argued that it destroys dignity and decorum for senators to be routed out in pajamas and slippers to answer late-night quorum calls.

The trouble is that Congress, like many corporate bodies, only gets things done when it is working up against tight deadlines. Once its leaders made public their expectation to carry on to the convening of the new session in January, the members promptly timed their pace accordingly.

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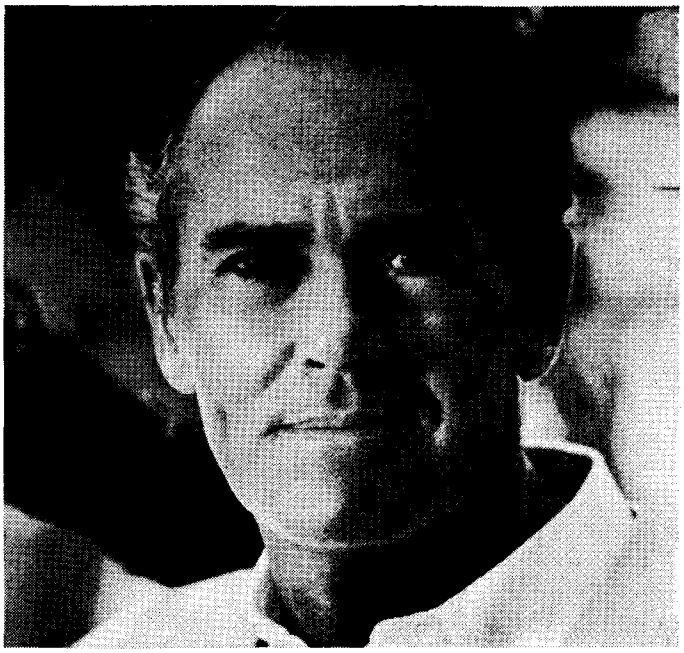

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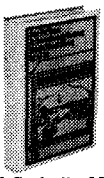

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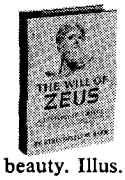

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This Negro Revolution

It is called the Negro revolution, and no matter how odd or ominous this may sound, the mass upsurge of the American Negroes cannot be called anything else. This country has been singularly free of revolutions, ever since the first and only one occurred when the colonies gained their independence from the British crown. The Negroes now on the march all over the country, South and North, do not seek independence from America but complete amalgamation with it. This collective movement aims at full, equal enjoyment of individual rights. It is as if the aggrieved masses were asking to disband *now*, for *now* is the dateline they have set for the satisfaction of their grievances.

This revolution of the American Negro has made heavy demands on the community as a whole, but the heaviest on the Negro masses themselves. Their militancy, their self-imposed discipline, their serene dignity, maintained at times in face of cruel provocation, have strikingly raised the stature of the Negro in the American commonwealth. The Negroes have undertaken their revolution, in themselves, for themselves, in a style and with a rhythm of their own. It is as if the legal language of the Fourteenth and the Fifteenth Amendments had been transcribed into a mass-chanted and mass-acted Negro spiritual.

It is their revolution, but it demands a long, hard effort of good will from all of us, black and white. We have never had anything that could be called a class struggle in this country. Now we could have something very close to it, with a large proletariat on the march composed of men and women irrevocably marked by the color of their skin. True, the Negroes are a minority and they are Americans. But it must be admitted that the peremptory quality of their requests and the antagonistic reactions with which they are faced in some sections of the country could lead to ugly race convulsions.

Already there have been too many outbursts of violence on either side, though so far the violence has come predominantly from the whites. It is nearly a miracle that until now the attempts at wholesale murder—invariably against Negroes—have been so few, but we cannot forget the bloodletting of Negroes in the South, killed one by one, quietly and with impunity. The recent holocaust of children in Birmingham and the prospect of retaliation on the part of the Negroes, which somehow did not materialize, has struck the nation as a foreboding of even more horrid things that may happen, for there are so many weapons in the South, and so much hatred and so much fear.

There can be no condoning of murder or murderous intentions, yet we must add that we white men who live in the North should be charitable in judging the superstitions and the fears still prevalent among white Southerners. Our effort should be to convince those people that a great change has occurred in their own region and in our country, a change that cannot just be attributed to the increased interference of the Federal government or to Earl Warren's Supreme Court. The times or the accidents that brought the Negro revolution into being are of less than secondary importance compared to the real meaning of the whole thing. The meaning, the lesson, of what has happened in the South is the primacy of ethics over law, for it is not right to consider a whole section of the population hopelessly inferior.

In the South, the Negro masses had come to believe in their own inferiority and to act accordingly. Excluded from the politics of the country in spite of their American citizenship and in spite of the Civil War, they found their only compensation for misery, their only valid citizenship, in the religious realm. But they couldn't remain forever "God's little chillun," and the white Southerners should not find it hard to realize what happened in the Negro churches, for both colored and white people worship the same God and there is no reason to assume that the Christian God likes to be addressed by his black worshipers in baby talk.

The lot of the white man in the South was at least as sad as the humiliation he clamped on the black, for both are so close, share the same way of talking, the same elusiveness, the same fears. They came to share very much the same outlook on life, as if they had become the same kind of men with different colored skins. Is it too much to hope that the whites, too, will wake up?

We Northerners are not entitled to believe that all the white people of Alabama share the fanaticism of Governor Wallace, or all the white people of Mississippi that of Governor Barnett. Nor can we admit that the Negro masses, now swept along by their own revolution, will prove responsive to those among their self-styled leaders who advocate forms of mass action meant to paralyze the nation, and ultimately destined, if carried through, to precipitate that very mass violence the extremists pretend to abjure.

Incidentally, it is good to see that on this crucial issue the Kennedy administration is behaving with forcefulness and wisdom.

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Beyond Tokenism

The South as seen by a returning native son

DOUGLASS CATER

GOING HOME has been a painful experience for the expatriate Southerner during the past decade. Among once close friends there have come uneasy silences or, when the hour is late and the drink strong, outbursts of bitterness. Apart from the personal sense of not having shared the experience that stirred such bitterness, there has been an awareness of no longer sharing the same hope for the future of the South.

Just a few years ago, it seems, we were all united by a common faith that the South was finally on the move and that movement inevitably meant progress. Our native prophets foresaw a dim but not far distant time when the laws of economic growth would refashion our region. Even the massive shock treatment administered two decades ago by Gunnar Myrdal, for the first time moving race to the front and center of the South's and the nation's anxieties, had mitigating features. According to Myrdal, the Negro wanted most what the white man least minded giving up. One could construct a comfortable theory of progress in which the dread word "integration" had no relevance.

But surely we knew different. I can recollect that as a young and very eager reporter I once interviewed a "successful" Negro farmer in southern Alabama. Having inspected his holdings, discussed his finances and his future, I noticed his small son nearby and inquired about *his* future. "I want him to go to college," he said matter-of-factly. "Tuskegee?" I asked by way of being pleasant. "No, Tuscaloosa," he replied. The shock of learning that this man in the heart of the black belt wanted his son to go to a white man's college—not one in the far-off North but the University of Alabama—was the beginning of an education. It was also the beginning of exile while still living at home.

There were many beginnings. When the Northerner puts the customary question, "What made you different?," the only honest answer has to be, "I don't recall." No one instance or incident could epitomize a struggle of thought and sentiment that is never wholly resolved. Once a calf was missing from the farm I visited as a child, and the deputy sheriff was unduly rough, or so it seemed to me, in questioning the Negro hired man. But few of us who

grew up in the South knew conflict of a magnitude depicted by Lillian Smith or the other celebrators of our guilt.

The more meaningful lessons came with getting to know a Negro differently, or, perhaps, a different Negro. Former Mayor William Hartsfield of Atlanta, a wise politician, made the same point in a conversation not so many years ago. "When the business leaders of this community say they understand the Negro," he said, "they are talking about their maids and yardmen. They've never come across the lawyers and doctors and politicians I've had to deal with. They really don't *know* them at all." This different kind of knowing only came to me in a New England college when I served my apprenticeship on the student newspaper, one of whose editors was a Negro. Coping with a superior can do much in changing attitudes. One learns, for example, the difference between liking a Negro and being a "nigger lover." Even more important and more difficult is learning to dislike a Negro without blaming the color of his skin.

Church and Status

Any assessment of the South's tragedy, it seems to me, must put a large portion of the blame on segregation's custom of imposing itself even more fixedly at the upper than at the lower end of the social structure. While there could be slipshod variations in custom among the rank and file, there was with rare exception no meaningful mingling of the elites. The white community assigned to Negroes who accomplished anything a status that differed little from the cottonfield worker's. When crisis came, the attempts at communication among community leaders were destined to be confused and frequently self-defeating.

A. G. Gaston, the multimillionaire Negro businessman in Birmingham, attributes last spring's invasion by Martin Luther King and other "outside" leaders, so bitterly resented by the whites, to the white community's refusal to recognize local Negro leadership. "How could we claim that our people should listen to us when we could not show one instance when the white man ever had?" he asked wryly. Though Gaston had initially opposed King's decision to hold the demonstrations, he quickly capitulated and offered his downtown motel as headquarters. For him, as for a great many in the rising Negro middle class throughout the South, increased affluence has not brought the increased influence that could lend stability to community relations.

In his prophetic book *The Mind of the South* (1941), W. J. Cash describes the haughty contempt with which early Southern aristocracy,

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often only a generation old, rebuffed the efforts of successive contenders for status and power. This pattern of resistance, white against white, has been applied with renewed vigor to the latter-day emergence of Negro leadership. Refusing to grant status, the Southern white man has been contemptuous of the way the Negroes have won it for themselves. Conceiving a more limited role for his own church, he has denied the logic that thrust the Negro church into the political arena. He has seen only charlatanism in Martin Luther King's rise to power.

Yet it was entirely logical that the church, as the communication center of the Negro community, should play its new role. The words of the Gospel served as a perfect instrument for the developing conspiracy—in Montgomery, Tuskegee, and elsewhere—permitting boycotts of remarkable discipline and duration while officials searched vainly for evidence of illegal collusion. It was inevitable that someone like King, an Atlanta youth come back South to preach in Montgomery after earning his doctorate at Boston University, should take the lead among the cooks and nursemaids whom the white man thought he knew. Keeping his own footing during his meteoric rise to world renown, King managed to supply a philosophical footing for the Negro movement that had been lacking in the legalistic preachments of the NAACP's Thurgood Marshall and others. His message was that, for mass protest, love could have a sharper cutting edge than hate. Other prominent Negro leaders, of course, have tended to blunt that cutting edge. One of King's own assistants, James Bevel, told a rally in Birmingham, "We're going to love the hell out of the white man."

Witnessing King's evangelism, the white Southerner tends to see only its temporal side—the coincident timing of demonstrations in the South with fund raising in the North, the clay feet of unworthy disciples, and the countless ineptitudes of a jerry-built organization. He grows perplexed in trying to differentiate among King's SCLC (Southern Christian Leadership Conference), CORE (Congress of Racial Equality), SNCC (Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee), and the many other groups furiously competing to represent the Negro's grievances. At the same time he sees the black conspiracy as tight-knit and devious to a degree unattainable by the white man, suspecting even that many of the bombings of Negro establishments in Birmingham and elsewhere have been self-inflicted.

FICTION gets hopelessly confused with fact as suspicions are passed along. One prominent young lawyer assured me that Sidney Smyer, who headed the white negotiators during the Birmingham settlement last spring, had firm evidence that the bombing of Gaston's motel was perpetrated by Negroes. A few days later I put this proposition to Smyer, who flatly denied it. In this psychological warfare, rumor can play strange tricks in turning the white man against himself. When the Montgomery newspapers recently changed ownership, the story got circulated that President Kennedy and his family had become secret investors. It provoked such a fall-off in circulation that editor Grover Hall felt obliged to declare, "The Kennedys own one thing only of *The Advertiser* and *Journal*. That is the shrapnel we have fired at them almost daily and which has lodged in their hides . . . Logic indicated that the persistent anti-Kennedy direction of the editorials—even referring to Bobby as 'buck-toothed codfish'—would destroy the lie."

Inadequacies of understanding are not all on one side. Just as Thurgood Marshall's skill in the courtroom had its limits as a means of bringing about change, the evangelical approach of Martin Luther King can go only so far. Clergymen, no matter what color their skin, rarely make good politicians. The Negro in the South has suffered from a shortage of bona fide political craftsmen who are capable of engaging in the drawn-out work of building community relations. There is disheartening evidence that many, especially in the younger generations, have become contemptuous of politics and succumbed to a sort of black beatnik philosophy which, while fearless, can be utterly irresponsible. They show sneering suspicion of the tradition fostered by Booker T. Washington, whom they remember more for his acceptance of separatism between the races than for his tireless efforts to improve the Negro's lot.

The conflict between the priorities of equality and self-improvement crops up repeatedly. It undoubtedly lay behind the angry rejection of James Meredith's crudely expressed appeal for the "burrheads" to try to better themselves. It may have contributed to James Hood's emotional disturbance that led to his withdrawal from the University of Alabama after he had written an editorial in the college newspaper deploring the excesses of some Negro demonstrations. So far, there is little evidence that the Negro in the South permits himself any more latitude for self-criticism than the whites.

The Ritual of Bitter-Endism

Amid a series of crises that succeed each other ever more rapidly, the South seems to be headed somewhere, whether for good or evil, in a great hurry. And yet the progress has not been all that sustained or systematic. Negro leadership gets stretched thin and its finances, if not its enthusiasm, depleted. A community tends to forget its fears between one outbreak and the next. The direction and size of the whirlwind are unclear to those who lie in its path. A visitor has the feeling at times that Atlanta and Birmingham, not to mention Montgomery and Selma, lie light-years from one another.

Even after a decade, it is still impossible to predict the final effect of *Brown* vs. *Board of Education* on the schools of the South. But one thing the Supreme Court decision did do was to bring sudden bankruptcy to Southern politics. The professional politician, accustomed to a fair degree of independence, found himself locked in an Iron Maiden commitment to segregation. The fight in state politics has since then largely raged over who could proclaim the most undying resistance to any form of integration. It has produced the kind of situation in which Governor George Wallace of Alabama, defeated in an earlier attempt for office, privately vowed that no one would ever "outseg" him again. Across the state line, the least immoderate candidate for gov-

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ernor of Mississippi this summer gradually reshaped himself in the image of his racist opponents in a futile effort to get through the primaries.

So far, at any rate, it is hard to fault, at least from his point of view, the strategy of the politician who has taken the course of bitter-endism. Against the court's vague edict of "all deliberate speed," he can boast that at very least he has delayed the future. Whatever Governor Faubus cost Arkansas by provoking the holocaust of Little Rock, he has got himself re-elected three time since then. Governor Wallace, though presently limited by a one-term proviso in the Alabama constitution, has exhibited similar ambitions for a perpetual career.

The South has continued to export a better grade of politician to Washington. But the ambassadors to the nation's capital have found that they can no longer get away with mere silence on the race issue. They must take their vows to segregation with ritualistic fervor, the senior among them still pleading that the chief value of their experience is that it enables them to stalemate any legislation bearing the taint of civil rights. Only a terrifying sense of frustration could have prompted Alabama's delegation, numbering several of the more able members of Congress, to dispatch a joint telegram of moral support to Governor Ross Barnett of Mississippi shortly before the night of terror in Oxford a year ago.

Can there ever be a break in this conformity? In the House, only the new congressman from Atlanta, Charles L. Weltner, elected after the breakup of Georgia's county unit system, professed a sense of guilt over the recent Birmingham outrage. In the Senate as this fall's filibuster approaches, all except Tennessee's Albert Gore and possibly his new colleague prepare to get into the lock step.

Birmingham to Atlanta: How Far?

Community politics in the South has provided a better index of change, Atlanta giving the most precise example of politics adjusting with symmetrical precision to the rising ratio of Negro voters. As chief architect of that change, former Mayor Hartsfield, a shrewd and farsighted man, has served as hopeful prototype of what the South's new politician could be like. His successor, Ivan Allen, seems to share Hartsfield's determination if not his finesse. The city is often beset by racial problems, but at least they are dealt with by political power far more flexible than in most Southern cities.

Even more interesting portents may be emerging in Tuskegee, Alabama, which suddenly last spring

became the first community in the nation to have more Negro than white voters on the registration rolls. The Tuskegee Civic Association, a Negro group that led the registration fight, is now preparing to offer training for prospective candidates as it once did for prospective voters. With TCA leaders so far professing no thirst for retaliation nor desire to monopolize public office, this small community may serve as a useful testing ground for new political arrangements. The mayor, it is said, has come a long way in a short time, though he still annoys local Negro ministers by addressing them, in the olden vernacular, as "preacher."

BUT IN ANY analysis of the South's politics, Birmingham raises the central question: at what point will a community, foreseeing greater losses than that of segregation, exert itself for orderly change in race relations? Birmingham has long offered a case study in brinkmanship. This raw industrial city, built on coal and iron, has suffered economic decline because of the competition of Venezuelan ore. Its "redneck" whites from the hill country have lived in ill-suppressed tension with its Negroes. Both groups, hardened by mine-field privations and by unemployment, have been itching for trouble.

To those who have always predicted that Birmingham was the

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city where racial disorder would be most serious, King's demonstrations couldn't have come at a time more likely to produce violence. Government was in abeyance while a court contest was being fought out between the new mayor and the old commission. Pending the outcome, power still resided in the hands of "Bull" Connor, the police commissioner who had egged on the demonstrations by sabotaging an earlier agreement between the Negroes and downtown merchants.

That chaos did not result was due to the unexpected emergence of a power structure in Birmingham more basic than the political one. On learning that a deputation of white citizens was negotiating with the Negroes, Connor and his cohorts automatically condemned it with traditional epithets, only to discover that the group backing this deputation included almost every man of influence in the city, controlling eighty per cent of its payroll and half its assets. Sidney Smyer, the chief negotiator, was a past president of the Chamber of Commerce.

The death of four children in Birmingham raises serious questions about the durability of this effort to provide orderly change. In the immediate aftermath of violence, the ties so tenuously established showed signs of loosening. The legacy of hatred seemed undiminished. But it would be unrealistic to focus only on the immediate. The widespread horror of the public has produced a subtle shift in attitude. For the mayor, the new police chief, and countless other citizens, the resentment against "outside" interference now includes the machinations of their governor.

A PROFESSOR at the University of Alabama remarked wistfully to me this summer: "Back during the thirties, we used to think that progress would be won by a coalition of liberals, labor, and the Negro. But today, so far as I can see, it is strictly an arrangement negotiated between the Chamber of Commerce and the Negro organization leaders. I have never felt more lonely." He noted the readily observable fact that liberalism of the old-fashioned variety has played little part in the recent breakthroughs, while organized labor on the local level has been actively antagonistic. Progress, if that is what it is, has come via clashes of force testing itself against force without much regard for philosophy. Indeed, it is remarkable—even if somewhat appalling to say so—that violence has been contained as well as it has.

The loneliness described by the professor bespeaks an occupational displacement among those who once considered themselves the chosen messengers between the two races. Even in Atlanta, where the communication has been long established, one hears echoes of this same dismay among the white old-timers in race relations—in sharp contrast with the mood of jubilation one encounters at the GHQs of the Negro movements.

The new men of progress in the white South tend to be of a quite different breed. They vary in philosophy, and indeed keep aloof from the moralistic implications of the race struggle. But they have one characteristic in common. Their professional careers are permeated with the sweet smell of success. Sidney Smyer had been a founder of the Dixiecrat Party in 1948 and an original member of the (White) Citizens Council. Yet when crisis came to Birmingham, he was moved to act on the basis of his inclinations as a successful executive who had a reputation for getting things done.

A young Alabaman who has been more daring than most in racial matters alluded to this phenomenon when asked to speculate on how long he would be able to get away with it. "I will survive just so long as everybody sees that I am succeeding," he declared. Perhaps it is no coincidence that he has recently been affecting many of the habits of conspicuous prosperity to make his success seem more apparent.

The integration of the University of Alabama this summer after the failure of Autherine Lucy's attempt seven years ago is another case in point. In 1956, Oliver Carmichael, the very able educator who was then president of the university, drew unmerciful abuse from prominent alumni for accepting Miss Lucy and suffered further humiliation when the trustees, taking matters in their own hands, expelled her. This summer when James Hood and Vivian Malone were admitted, only Governor Wallace, of the class of 1942, raised much of an outcry. By the count of the new president, Frank Rose, two letters out of more than a thousand he received were critical. Some of the same alumni who had bitterly castigated Dr. Carmichael praised Dr. Rose. Of course, a great deal had happened in the meantime, not least the awful spectacle at the University of Mississippi. But, of at least some importance, Dr. Rose has been a high-pressure salesman of the notion that his university must not fail at anything. He has been enormously helped, according to some observers, by the arrival, after a period of football decline, of Coach "Bear" Bryant, who has a passion for building teams that win.

This widespread concern about the trappings of success, which has been uppermost in the minds of many Southerners during the racial breakthroughs, obviously has little to do with the merits or the morality of the issue. About all that can be said is that it seeks to avoid situations that will give a "black eye" to the community or college and searches for solutions that will make everything and everybody "look good." But then, this is not a characteristic peculiar to the South.

Dr. King's Dream

In his dream of the South's future, Martin Luther King has been careful to differentiate between desegregation and integration. One is the essentially negative fight to remove barriers; the other envisages mankind living together harmoniously in what, according to King's prescription, sounds suspiciously like Baptist fellowship. Among the predominantly religious-oriented Negro leadership in the South, one encounters widespread optimism that such a dream can be fulfilled once the curse of segregation has been removed. Even a Northern minister now in Atlanta, citing for me the Negro's old quandary about not being allowed to get too high in the South or too close in the North, professed to believe that the South offered greater prospect for integration over the long run.

For the nondreamer, it is premature to speculate on these things while the shock of recurrent crisis

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makes even the immediate future so uncertain. Can communities like Birmingham survive the shock and benefit from it, or will the very fabric of community living start to unravel? What can finally bring a change of attitude more basic than simple revulsion against bestiality, one that can really lead to changed relationships?

THE EVIDENCE is far too scanty. But there would seem no reason to suspect that changing relationships in the changing South will end up so very different from those in the North. The prolonged tension of desegregationist warfare has exacted a price, as I was told time and again by white Southerners who vowed they would never feel the old warmth toward any Negro. More important, the advance of automation in home and factory is removing the ties of mutual dependency that preserved the old familiarity. The prospect, particularly in the urban South, is that desegregation will be accompanied step by step, by an increasing disintegration of personal relationships.

This drawing apart of the two races poses dilemmas that King's dream fails to take into account. Beyond the breakthroughs for those who are able and persistent, there lie massive struggles to bring along those who are not. Integration for Charlayne Hunter, last June's graduate of the University of Georgia who married a white classmate and went North to work for the *New Yorker,* is not to be compared with the difficulties that lie ahead for millions in the South who are neither so well educated nor so personable. For them, tokenism—whether token rights or token Negroes—could amount to a cruel new form of segregation.

Though the mind boggles at the attempt to look beyond desegregation, one thing is clear: neither law nor religious fellowship can guarantee that progress will be quickened once the formal barriers have been removed. What Martin Luther King's dream fails to reckon with in putting so much stress on man's togetherness is the hard and lonely road toward self-achievement that must lie before the Negro as it has for every minority in America.

Toward the Other Shore

The Freedom Movement as seen by a church leader

VINCENT HARDING

If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?—Jeremiah 12:5

THE QUESTIONS of the prophet are the insistent ones for the present moment in America. Confronted by such powerful forces, where does one stand to see and to know this "Freedom Movement" now sweeping the land? How understand the marching children, the singing adults, the beleaguered, persistent students, the calm grandmothers at the registrar's door? All things move too swiftly now for anyone to stand and see more than a passing column, hear more than the echo of a song. Besides, at no one place can the movement be known in its strange, often contradictory fullness, and its spirit must be tested at various points along the surging line.

The rallying point is the church building. It may be proud Sixteenth Street Baptist in Birmingham, proud even in face of murderous dynamite, or First Christian in Greenwood, Mississippi, or little Shady Grove (before it was bombed) in rural southwest Georgia. Wherever it may be, this is where the people begin, where many first find their resolve to participate actively in the

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revolution. Here the people of the pews speak not primarily of civil rights or of protest, but of freedom. This is the term that strikes them with greatest impact, for it describes not only certain legal and economic rights they must claim, but a new kind of society—dimly seen, vaguely known—in which they and their children shall be free to know and be known, to respect and be respected by all men. Especially for those who have grown up in the Deep South, it means the eventual rediscovery of each other by the black and white brothers who have lived so near and yet so far for so long.

IN ONE SENSE, the church building has become a base of operations for the movement through several accidents of history. Until very recently, most of the active protest leaders in the South were Christian ministers. It was therefore natural for them to hold the mass meetings in familiar settings. Besides, most of those attending were church members, and they, too, were at home in such surroundings. And where else in the communities of the Deep South could large numbers of Negroes meet to plan and participate in activities aimed at challenging and ultimately destroying the status quo (or, as some say, the status crow)?

However, it would be impossible to comprehend the present intensity of rushing waters and fast-striking hoofbeats if the church's role were seen as an accident and no more. For most of the men and women and children who gather in the plain wooden frame buildings or the sprawling modern brick structures, this is a religious movement to its core. It is only natural that the church should be its point of march.

Many times, especially in the midst of crisis, the meetings open not simply with a prayer but with a prayer meeting, often extending for more than an hour. Here the petitions are raised, the praise thunders out, and the shouting is unashamed. Often the songs at the outset are the old long-meter hymns, with an experienced voice spontaneously rising from the people, lining out the stanza: " 'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far, and grace will lead me home."

Each announcement or speech is met with a mixture of applause and Amens. "Yes, Lord!" they shout. "Preach it, brother!" is the exhortation. Sometimes, the low, plaintive hum that sounds like a sinner's moan enters into antiphonal encounter with the speaker's words, and a chorus of response is begun. "Religion" as known in the older Negro churches is unmistakably present.

Then the freedom songs take over, and the mood of the young is quickly sensed. "Ain't gonna let nobody turn me round," "No more weeping, no more moaning, No more segregation over me," "Woke up this morning with my mind stayed on freedom." This immediacy in the spirit of the young people and their sense of confidence cannot be missed, and most often this is the theme of the address or sermon. Freedom Now! is the new rallying call. Tomorrow is today! All tenses bow to the present.

Often the shouting, singing crowd is called upon for a decision. Will they offer themselves to break the barriers that bind us all? "You say you love Bull Connor; well, if you really love him you'll go to jail today to free him from this system of segregation that's killing us and him!" (To be sure, talk of this kind of active, painful loving is not heard as often as at an earlier time, and it is now more popular to speak of the power of the vote or the dollar or the Justice Department. Suffering brings fewer martyrs' songs and more phone calls to the Attorney General.)

THE TRUE TEST of religion comes when the singing and the shouting is ended, and men move out into the arena, recognizing the lifelessness of marching songs without marching feet.

Among the younger leaders of the movement there would be much staunch resistance to any attempt at classifying their motives and actions as "religious." Such resistance comes not only from the pervasively secular nature of American society, but more importantly from their protest against a religion—primarily a Christianized one—that has so long stood aside from the truly significant matters of living and dying. These young leaders have no desire to be identified with this seemingly lifeless form. Generally, they also tend to shy away now from any more talk of nonviolence than is necessary to keep people from striking back physically. And "love" is as uncomfortable a word among them as it is in the rest of the western world. Nevertheless, their actions tend to betray them, for these are the persons who so often are found by the side of the widow and the fatherless, who are merciful and seek justice at any personal cost, who sense a meaning and purpose to their life that is far beyond the edges of their own private existence. Therefore when the call is made for those who will walk, who will sit, who will ride, who will live and die for a new freedom, their response is a ready one. And when the saints go marching out of the church doors and into the streets, these saints-all-unaware often lead the line.

Ain't gonna let no police dogs turn me round, . . .
Keep on walking, keep on talking,
Marching to the freedom land.

Out on the street a new encounter begins. The swift movements announced by the prophet telescope time, and as the marchers move forward—sometimes in orderly, singing lines, sometimes in surging, yelling crowds—the inevitable collision of past, present, and future comes upon them. They march out through the ghettos and slums and see fearful looks on the dark faces of persons who have been taught to despise themselves and to live without hope. For the young people there is a peculiar pain as they walk by the still segregated "Colored" schools, often newly built, with gaping voids where there should be books, laboratory equipment, and well-prepared teachers.

The marchers stride past the casinos and bars, the taverns and sleazy hotels, the thousand dungeons built by despair. And though they see such things, they burn with anticipation, knowing that this is both present and past. And every song they raise insinuates itself into the long dead hopes of fear-chained Negroes. Indeed, more than once, as the line has moved through such sec-

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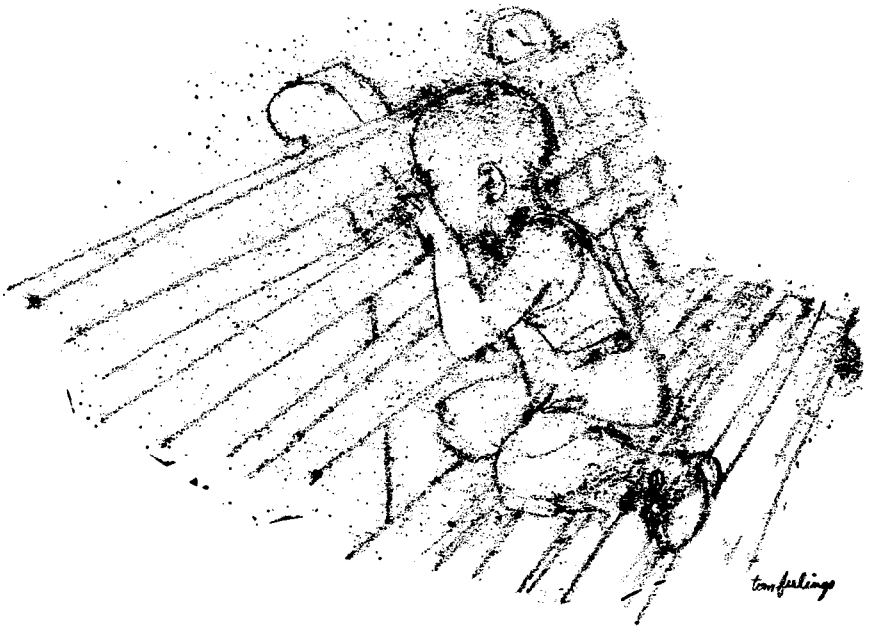
tions and past such doors, men have emerged and have been faced—sometimes for the first time in their lives—with the possibility of finding a great cause. More than once, such men and women have joined the line, and at least for a time—often a long time—have found a reason for living that has transformed their lives.

BURSTING into the shiny, neon-spattered, white-owned world of stores and courts and city halls, other encounters begin. Now the police and their dogs and their billy clubs are no longer simply the distant subjects of songs. On the streets the minority prophets must show the crowd what it means to love frightened and therefore hostile armed men.

In this meeting, all the memories of the past well up. Memories of drunks beaten unmercifully with these same clubs, memories of homes invaded by these same men, memories of innocent boys shot down in the darkness of midnight with these same guns. For these policemen are rarely seen by the Negroes as protectors but rather as the symbol of their inheritance of degradation and despair.

Now, on the streets, the police in most cases continue to play their traditional role, but the Negroes refuse to co-operate in the part that so long has been theirs to act and to live. Instead, they call upon the police to protect them or to stand aside, for they intend to march. In this very act, the line of walking, sometimes running men and women are born into a new age. For they continue to move—in spite of police orders. Sometimes they move into the city square, sometimes in front of the big bright stores. Sometimes they move into snarling police dogs, sometimes into the crashing billy clubs or stunning fusillades of water. Most often they march eventually into the checkered shadows of a paddy wagon, singing so loud that they do not hear the lock snapped shut.

Even jail becomes new in these times. For so long it held the stigma of shame. For so long it was seen primarily as a place for those who had done wrong. However, others knew it was more. It was also an integral part of the structure of segregation, intimidation, and disgrace. It was the final legal threat to keep the oppressed in line, for it meant not only imprisonment but probable beatings and other mal-



treatment, especially if there were any signs of defiance.

Now from the back of the wagons the song rings out: "Ain't gonna let no jailhouse turn me round, . . . keep on walking, keep on talking, marching to the freedom land." For some, this is the last enemy overcome, and they enter the cells with a kind of exultation.

SOON, though, it is clear that there is more here than the songs intimated. For many of them it is very difficult, packed into cells four and five times overfilled, sleeping on concrete floors, using a toilet in full view of jailers and prisoners of both sexes, subsisting on poor and inadequate food. Sometimes the pain of all this is compounded by lack of sleep and beatings by jailers; and some persons complain bitterly and vow never to return. Most others, though, find in the fellowship of suffering and endurance an experience of sharing that they had never known in church or home. As the jar of precious water is passed from hand to hand in the darkness, men know more fully the meaning of high communion than they could possibly find in the quickly—almost ashamedly—snatched swallow of grape juice from a little private glass. Here, for some, is the first glimmer of suffering for conscience' sake, of bearing voluntarily a burden that might have been escaped. Often, this new spirit is transferred to fellow prisoners who are not there for the same reason; sometimes there is communication on deep levels with the jailers. Whatever happens, though, from that time on, jail holds no terrors, and is blunted as a weapon against those who share such an experience.

Indeed, there is often an extreme, sometimes dangerous romanticizing of jail, and an equating of jailgoing with courage. Thus men are introduced at mass meetings with their primary qualifications resting in the number of times they have gone to jail. So blatant a measurement of martyrdom is probably unavoidable in such times, but it tends occasionally to force individuals to do the right thing for the wrong reason, and to deny the possibility that there are many roles in the movement—some of which do not lead to jail.

If you don't see me at the Harlem Drug Store
And you can't find me nowhere,
Just come over to Walgreen's Drug Store
And I'll be sitting-in there.

In many places the police and politicians have played a strange and pathetic role at the request of

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white men and women who often should have known better. As the marching lines formed, they called upon the police to stem the tide, to turn back the steeds of morning. They did not want to hear, to see, to know. They needed a buffer against reality, and chose the police and mayor and city council.

Again and again this has not worked, though, and it will never work in any ultimate sense; for the invisible men have now determined that they will be seen as they are, not as they are desired to be. For this reason, too, they cannot stop at police lines on the street, and have to keep marching wherever possible. So they come into the bus terminals, the soda fountains, the drugstores. So they sit at the counters and negotiating tables and walk up and down in front of the doors. So (in not enough places) they sit without ceasing in the employment offices, kneel to pray without ceasing in the churches, and stand for days on end in the voter-registration line.

So, they come and sit, and stand, and kneel, and say, "I will not be relegated any longer to the shadows of semi-life. I will be seen as I am." And it is intensely significant to note that it is no longer the rule that Negroes who thus present themselves must come in the latest styles, superneatly dressed. They want a truer picture now, one that will include the majority of Negroes—people who don't even know what the latest styles are, people who often have only a clean pair of coveralls each Monday. So in some places they no longer come dressed in the way most acceptable to whites. Dressed in blue overalls, they say, "Here we are, as we are, and we will be seen."

They are convinced that there is nothing in paleness or pinkness of pigmentation, or in straightness of nose or hair, which gives a man a right to keep for himself all the pleasures of good food, good jobs, good seats, or good toilets. They know now that all of these, if they are offered to "the public," must be offered to them.

In claiming their right for a share of the public domain, they issue another call to their white friends and brothers. When they are at the counter or the booth or the registration desk, they must be given a yes or no. They prod the waitresses and owners and registrars—sometimes with loving care, sometimes with impatient disdain—into the realm of decision, the only truly human realm. For now they must answer the question that comes from the other side of town: Am I human, too? Do I deserve—simply as a result of my humanity—the same treatment as your other customers, clients, constituents? Though they have not fully discovered it, the white respondents may one day find cause to rejoice in this agonizing moment, for it may save them—if it is not too late—from that fatal atrophying of the power of moral decision which seems so dangerously pervasive in the American society. Meanwhile, though, they continue to respond in terms largely of economic and political expediency.

Moreover, as these dark legions move into the white churches, it is clear that the atrophy of the church is not very different from that of the society. Thus until it is confronted with the first dark face, many a congregation is not able to generate the power to initiate a decision concerning its true character, and perhaps—by that very token—has none. But at the moment the decision is truly faced and made, the church decides whether it shall belong to a universal, loving Lord or to a constricted, local culture-god.

There are other, less public places of confrontation where men are even more free to respond to each other as persons, rather than as shadows from a nether world. Here, too, of course, the marchers present themselves with the credentials of their determination. Here, in the long hours of negotiations (where men sometimes break bread across racial lines for the first time), often in secret meeting places, tensions are relaxed and a breaking through begins. The negotiators begin to discover each other for the first time, sometimes after having lived in the same city for forty years. The depth of their former alienation becomes terribly clear, but in such moments of discovery rests some of the hope for a new way.

Especially is there hope in those many situations in which Negroes are joined by whites in the long vigils at the counters and the marching lines. (Some men, of course, cannot see these things without fear and the violence that fear creates. Such actions are too far from anything they have ever known. Such relationships wrench at every structure of their past lives, making right what was wrong, good what was evil, acceptable what was taboo. For these men, perhaps there is no response possible save a striking out in defiance, a fierce groping at exorcism. Perhaps for their lives there is no redemption short of such catharsis, and then a long facing of the inescapable realities.)

Come on folks let's learn how to vote,
Freedom's coming and it won't be long
If you don't vote we have no hope,
Freedom's coming and it won't be long.

There are many persons who see no hope for the coming of a new freedom to the South (and the rest of the nation) until the swelling waters of revolutionary ferment are channeled into new, political directions. This is why each day of the week on the courthouse steps in Greenwood, the men and women, often in their meager Sunday best, stand in Mississippi's sun and wait. The registrar takes her time, for the method is not to refuse to administer the test but to do it as slowly as possible and make it as difficult as possible. Nevertheless, the Negroes, many of them are well past sixty years old, return again and again. Here and in Selma, Alabama, in Cordele, Georgia, in Charleston, South Carolina, and in a hundred other places, men and women have dedicated themselves to the seemingly simple task of registering and voting. For some this means loss of jobs. For others it means a periodic spray of shotgun pellets through the thin walls of the shack. For some it means death.

The resistance is usually greatest in places where the Negroes are in the greatest comparative numbers. Deep, abiding fears range among the whites in such places, especially in rural areas. They are fears of what might happen if the Negroes one day did take over, fears of re-

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venge, fears of losing control, fears of the unspeakable. Such fears lead to attempts at intimidation and the placing of every possible roadblock.

But some of the Negroes place more faith in this drive to register than in any other single weapon of the revolution. They say it is approved and encouraged by the Washington administration; interference brings certain—if slow—Federal action; this is less "embarrassing" to Washington; there are more funds available for this than most other forms of protest. They say new forces may arise, Negro candidates may run, and white candidates will be far more sensitive; senators and representatives will be open to different kinds of legislation. Besides, the entire process announces to the Negro that he belongs in the councils of decision makers, and serves notice on the white population that this ground is another that is no longer sacredly white. It, too, must be shared with the long-denied and hidden brother.

The workers are few, the task is large, and the method is necessarily slow. It takes a long time to persuade men to come in when they—and their ancestors—were taught all of their lives to stay out. It takes a long time to show them what the issues really are, why they are important, and what great burdens of new responsibility are now upon them. Comparatively speaking, this is one of the slowest aspects of the revolution, and yet it appears to hold out some of the greatest promise.

Still, when one looks at the places where the vote has been gained, such as Northern cities, signs of danger quickly appear. For it is evident that the vote, apart from any broader vision of the good society, apart from any deep sense of individual worth and importance, can be as impotent, corrupted, and misused in the hands of Negroes as in the hands of whites. In addition, when one looks at Mississippi, for instance, and sees the vast economic inequities there, it is necessary to ask whether or not the gaining of the vote may be a shield to keep men from seeing how great a need there is for some basic economic planning and radical economic change. Indeed, the entire role of the suffrage must be continually questioned in a society where men organize their economic lives primarily to make money rather than to serve the society. Voting simply to continue this kind of process may be worse than not voting at all.

Roll, Jordan, roll; roll, Jordan, roll;
I wanna get to Freedom Land
before I die,
So roll, Jordan, roll.

Slowly, some begin to see the logic in the Negroes' claim: "We march to free you as well as ourselves." It is often hard for men—of every hue—to want to be free, for it casts them into a world unknown and untried. But there is no true ultimate hope for the new land unless the vision finally captures the men who tend the hoses and the dogs as well. Until that moment, civil rights may have to be a necessary and temporary substitute for freedom, a resting point along the way.

And yet the faith that informs the singing, shouting crowds may be a source of strength and point of starlike hope to guide us all toward a new shore.

Perhaps the young people who now storm the barricades of segregation and fear will not grow forever weary after these have largely fallen, but will continue to batter against the walls that set man apart from man, class from class, nation from nation.

Perhaps the churches will learn that sanctuaries were not meant to protect men from the world, but to offer sources of strength to prepare them for redemptive conflict with the world.

Perhaps, after further pain and further dying, the marchers may reach the "other shore" and there may discover an America with a new sense of purpose, an America that rejoices in the diversity of its people as fully as it does in the variety of its geography.

This is why the marchers cannot stop at police lines, this is why their path needed inevitably to lead to the nation's capital itself. For they carry within themselves a vestige of hope for their running, hiding society, a hope that men may one day see the horses and not be afraid, may eventually stand in the midst of swollen Jordan and not despair.

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One-Man Rule In Algeria

CLAIRE STERLING

ALGIERS

HAVING GONE TWICE to the polls last month, the Algerians have settled several aspects of their country's future. The new republic will be officially democratic, popular, Islamic, and socialist, and it is going to be run by Ahmed Ben Bella without much back talk. As president, premier, commander-in-chief of the armed forces, head of the judiciary, secretary-general of the Political Bureau, and leader of the country's only legal party, the FLN, Ben Bella will be free to govern as he pleases, and he intends to do just that. "I am Algeria's last chance," he told *Le Monde's* correspondent within hours of his election to the presidency. Nine out of ten voters evidently agreed with him.

It is Ben Bella alone, therefore, who must bear the responsibility now for coping with the anguishing problems that have come with independence. That seems to be what he wanted. In the fifteen months since independence was proclaimed, nearly all the other men who had led Algeria into and out of its seven-year war of liberation have vanished from the political scene. Among those who had represented the provisional government-in-exile in Tunis, for instance—Benyoussef Ben Khedda, Abdel Hafid Boussouf, Belkacem Krim, Ahmed Francis, Ahmed Boumendjel, Mohammed Yazid, Ferhat Abbas—only Boumendjel still holds a government post; and of the four rebel leaders who shared Ben Bella's five-year imprisonment during the war, one (Aït Ahmed) is now leading a bitter but basically tribal opposition among the Berbers of the Kabylie, another (Mohammed Boudiaf) is under arrest, while the last two (Rabah Bitat and Mohammed Khider) have been stripped of all functions in the five-man Political Bureau.

Not all these men have made the same sort of exit: some jumped, others were pushed. But in either case, Ben Bella has watched them go, one by one, without visible signs of regret. Whatever their ideological leanings—Boudiaf is a left-wing Marxist, Aït Ahmed a French-type Socialist, Abbas a middle-class democrat—there is clearly no place for them in the kind of revolution Ben Bella thinks Algeria needs.

BY NOW, of course, both the régime and the country are irrevocably committed to a socialist revolution. Although the rebels did not list this as a war aim while the fighting was on, they embodied it in a statement of principles at their first postwar conference in Tripoli; and it has since been reaffirmed in the new constitution. But there are many kinds of socialism, as Ben Bella points out, ranging from Guy Mollet's in France to former Premier Fulbert Youlou's in the ex-French Congo to Fidel Castro's. "We Algerians," he adds, "have chosen Castro's. . . . Some among us do not agree. But conditions have been created now to set them aside."

Like most reporters in Algiers, I spent a lot of time trying to find out what Ben Bella means by "socialism à la Castro." At the ministry of information, I was told it meant a mobilization of the masses; at the ministry of agriculture it was described as radical land reform; at the planning office it was defined as state control of a mixed economy with public, semi-public, and private sectors; at the foreign affairs ministry it was said to be a "relentless struggle against any last vestiges of colonial domination." Few of those I interviewed seemed to know much about how Castro's socialism actually works. "What draws us to Fidel," said one, "is that he's a fighting revolutionary. He's none of your bourgeois reformists who always stop halfway. He's not afraid to remake his country from top to bottom, he knows how to rally his people for any sacrifice; he can stand up to Cuba's imperialist oppressors. *C'est un vrai militant—un inconditionnel.*"

Much as Ben Bella may admire Castro's spirit, however, observers here find it hard (or did until recently) to believe he would take Cuba for his model. "Ben Bella is not a hysteric like Castro, though circumstances might make him one," a western diplomat told me. "He has a sentimental image of Fidel as an anti-colonialist hero and agrarian reformer. But he knows very well that

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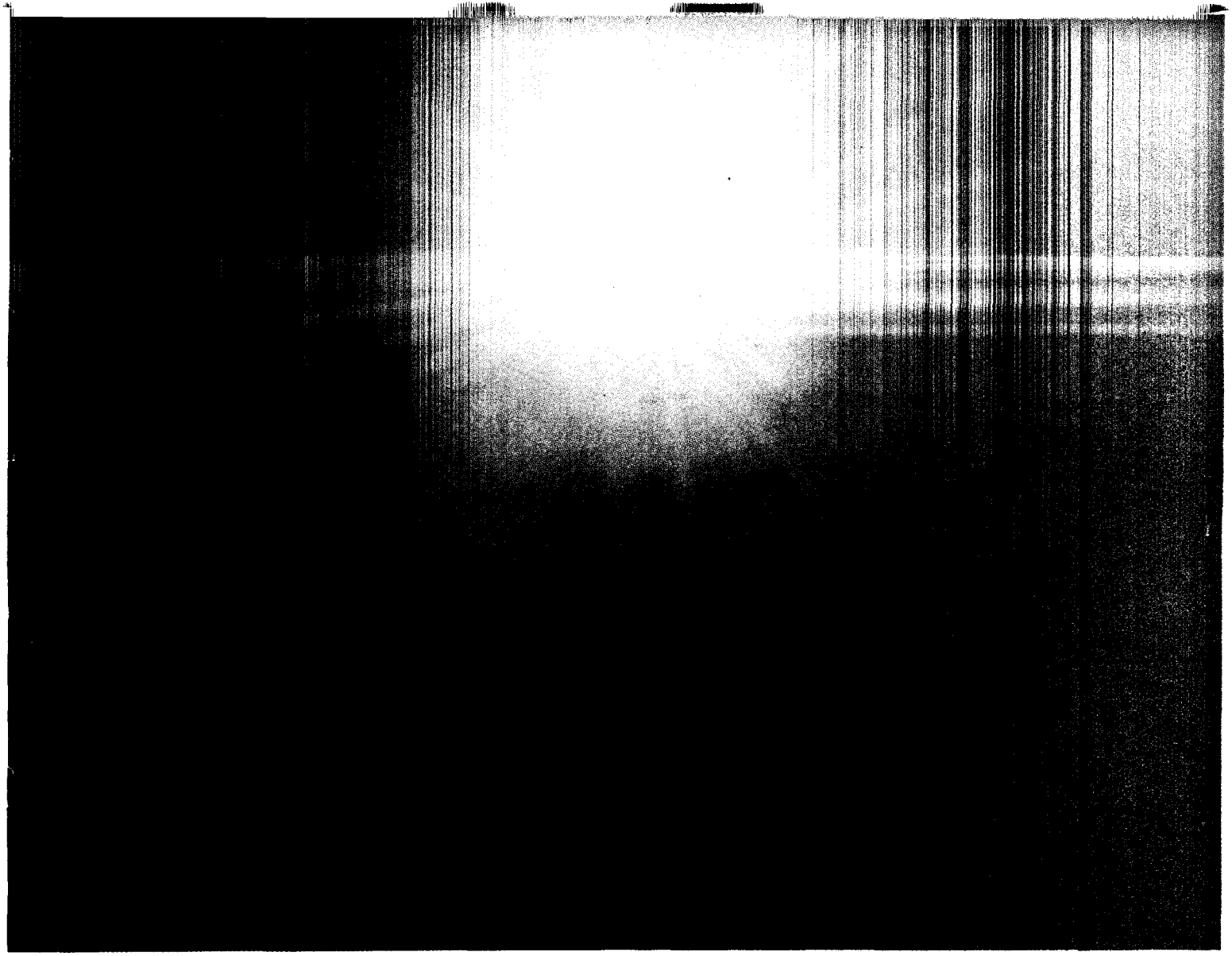


This is an incandescent ball of gases, plasmas, magnetic fields, thermonuclear reactions and mysteries.

But NASA has started to throw some light on it.

After all, the sun does sustain life on earth. It disrupts our communications, pours deadly radiation into space and makes our weather do tricks.

So we need to learn the how and why and when of the sun's phenomena. And in the process pick up some basic facts about the whole universe.

So far the trouble has been that our atmosphere acts as a barrier. It makes optical and photographic and spectrographic images shimmer and scatter. In fact it completely *stops* most of the sun's radiation spectrum.

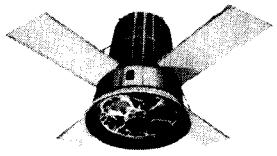
Now . . . if we could only put our instruments *outside* the earth's atmosphere . . . in a new and extremely sophisticated satellite . . . pointed precisely at the sun . . . .

Today, development work for that satellite—the Advanced Orbiting Solar Observatory—is being performed at Republic, under a prime contract to NASA/Goddard.

The AOSO will orbit 300 miles above the earth. In sunlight uninterrupted for months on end. Carrying about 250 pounds of instruments to collect, store and transmit data on the sun's gamma-ray, x-ray and ultraviolet activity.

It will be aimed at the sun with an accuracy of five seconds of arc. That's like shooting at a dime one-half mile away. And hitting it.

NASA's Advanced Orbiting Solar Observatory will look something like the model below. Nobody expects it to find *all* the answers that solar physicists and astronomers have sought for 350 years. But after it has studied that incandescent ball for a while, we'll be a lot less in the dark.



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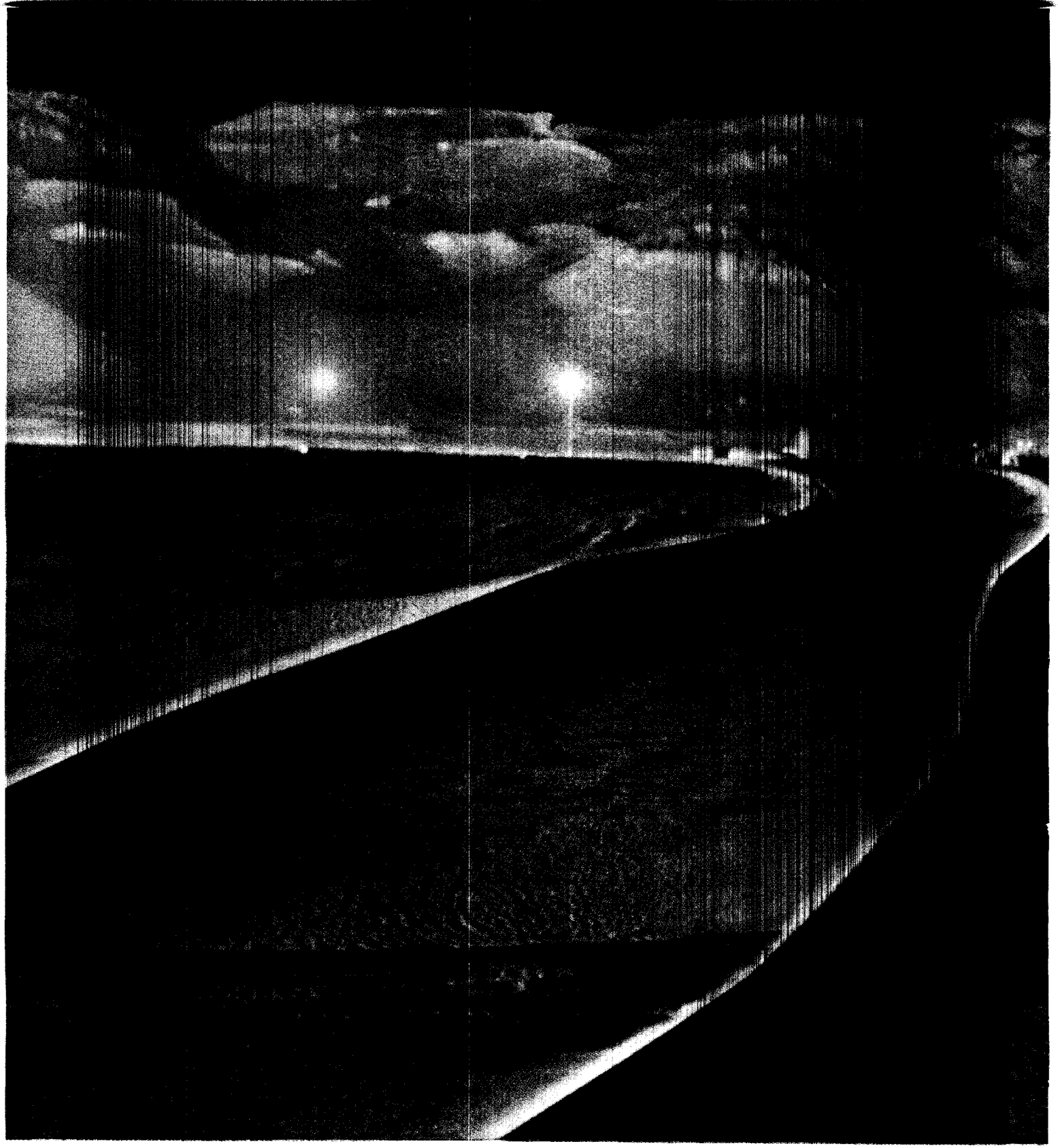

Libya: where economic growth begins in the desert

Deep in the desert a network of wells, tanks and flow lines marks the site of Zelten, Libya's first big oil field. Here in 1959, after a five-year search, an affiliate of Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) made the discovery that has changed the economic outlook for this historic land.

Other oil fields have since been found. Over 20 companies are now active in Libya, which is fast becoming one of the world's important sources of petroleum.

Esso's discoveries are producing more than oil and new income. Libyans are learning new skills. When Esso built a pipeline from Zelten to the sea, workers were trained as welders. In a language center at Esso's new refinery Libyan employees are taught English to facilitate their technical training. The impact of oil is far-reaching as roads, terminal facilities, harbor improvements and other

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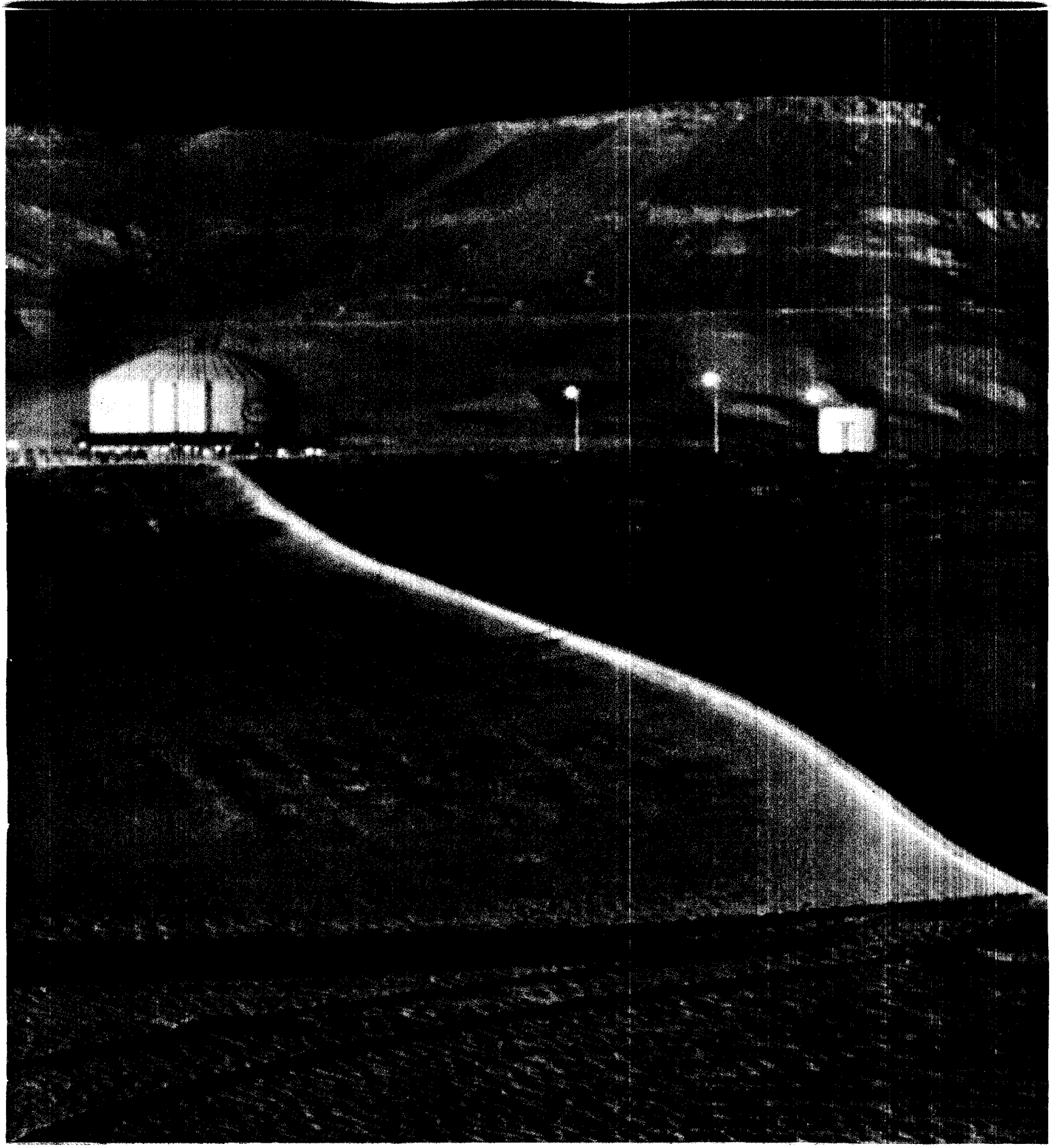

projects necessary to oil operations are completed, with resulting stimulation of employment and trade.

Investments such as those Jersey has made in Libya and other countries are helping the United States keep pace in today's competition for expanding markets. Throughout the free world they spur production, raise living standards and make possible increased international trade. Benefits to other nations are matched by benefits at home—in returns to shareholders and in stimulus to economic growth.

Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)
and its affiliate
Humble Oil & Refining Company

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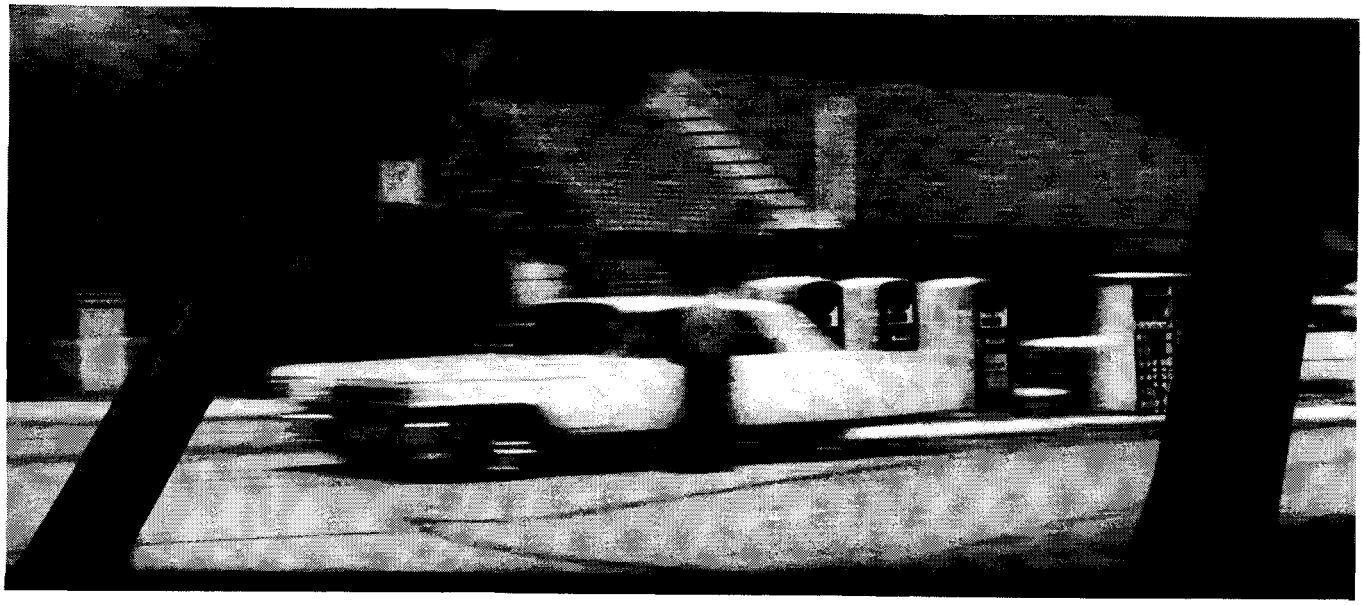

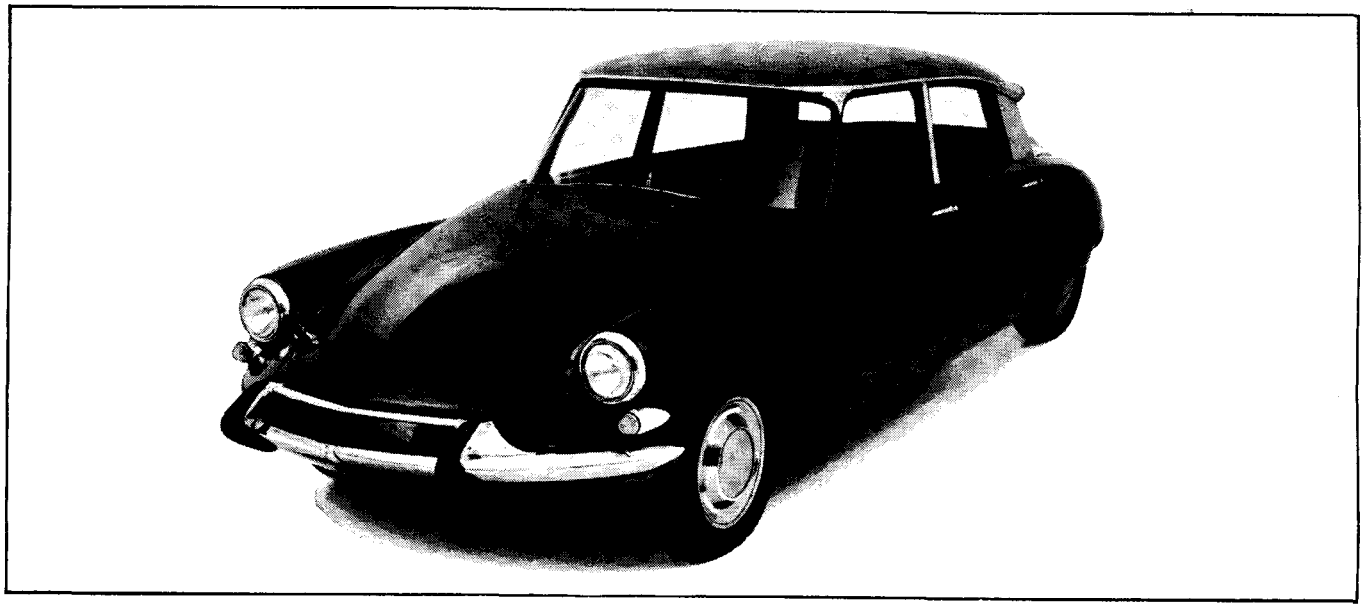

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Sound different? It is—as a look tells you. And there's a reason:

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Algeria's situation isn't really comparable to Cuba's." So far, at any rate, it isn't. Unlike Castro, he has excellent possibilities for redeeming his own long-suffering, illiterate, and poverty-stricken peasantry. Potentially, Algeria is much richer than Cuba. With its immense oil, natural-gas, and mineral deposits, a magnificent infrastructure built by the French, and a vast initial fund of international good will, Ben Bella could theoretically go far toward solving his present problem in a relatively short time by extensive industrialization. If he is to succeed in doing so, however, he will need a lot more patience, tact, and measured judgment than he could ever learn from the man he so warmly admires.

The French Exodus, and After

Whatever its prospects, Algeria at present is still in a state of shock, caused not so much by its seven-year war as by the unexpected developments that followed. While both sides had assumed during the war that many or most of the million French *colons* in Algeria would stay on when peace came, the fact is that they did not. As a result of the Evian cease-fire agreements in March, 1962, the bloody three-month war waged by the Secret Army Organization (OAS) after that, and the brief but also bloody civil war between rival Algerian factions after *that,* nearly 900,000 Frenchmen left Algeria during the first eight months of independence. Before leaving, they burned or broke practically everything burnable or breakable: tractors, trucks, telephones, light plugs, typewriters, tax and insurance records, statistical files. In the course of its transition to independence, the country lost ninety per cent of its civil servants, eighty per cent of its merchants, sixty per cent of its income from taxes, and most of the cash reserves in its banks.

It was unquestionably Ben Bella who averted total chaos in this appalling situation: nobody can think of anyone else around here who might have done it. With shops shut, the treasury empty, supply lines paralyzed, government offices deserted, and gangs of marauders roaming the streets at will, the first winter was terribly hard. Nevertheless, Ben Bella did manage to establish the government's authority and somehow keep the country going, largely with the help of France, which contributed $400 million, and the United States, which fed 4,700,000 people—nearly half the population. By now, the worst of the emergency is over: many shops have reopened, the streets of Algiers are safe (at least in daylight), the first gas and light bills are going out (though not necessarily being paid), and a maddeningly inefficient but functioning civil service has been pulled together. That done, the time has come for Ben Bella to consider more serenely the far-reaching effects of the exodus.

In one way it has helped quite a bit, by providing him with a ready-made land-reform program. Among the *colons* who left were the owners of 1,500,000 hectares of Algeria's best land—about one fourth of the total under cultivation. It was not long before the *fellahin* simply decided to take these abandoned farms over, forming Comités de Gestion to run them. There probably isn't a more spontaneous and peaceful agrarian revolution on record. But even under the happiest circumstances, the so-called Opération Biens Vacants doesn't solve the agrarian question. The Comités de Gestion are already running into serious problems, not just of maintaining productivity and marketing but of how much profit to turn back to the state; even more important, the entire operation involves only seventy thousand of Algeria's two million agricultural workers.

Obviously, Ben Bella will have to do something about the other 1,930,000 *fellahin* and their families, two-thirds of whom are wholly landless. He has taken the first step by sequestering several large French-owned estates that were *not* abandoned—Henri Borgeaud's, for instance—on the morally justifiable grounds that their owners had been notorious supporters of the OAS; and he has just announced that there will not be a single French landowner left in Algeria by the end of the coming year. All together, however, the remaining French *colons* hold only another ten per cent of all cultivated land; and while they will probably be relieved to go—"They can't wait to collect their indemnities in Paris," says Ben Bella—ultimately their departure may not work to Algeria's advantage.

One reason is that Algeria's major agricultural exports (especially wine, which accounts for a third of the national income) are too high-priced to compete in the open market. The French government had taken care of that in the past by subsidizing the sale of Algerian wine, durum wheat, and citrus in Metropolitan France. But where that sacrifice had been willingly made while a million Frenchmen were living in Algeria, it has become a good deal more grudging now that nine-tenths of them are back in France. Already France has cut its wine purchases from Algeria by two-thirds this year. What will happen if and when the last hundred thousand *colons* leave?

The question might also be put in a larger context. Ben Bella himself concedes, for instance, that no amount of expropriation can solve Algeria's peasant problem. "We can only get another million hectares from the *colons,*" he says, "and we need five or six million." At best, he might pick up another million from larger Moslem landowners—he's going to expropriate them, too—and perhaps 200,000 hectares more through irrigation and reclamation. If he is to care for all the remaining landless peasants, who are multiplying at a terrifying rate, he will have to create industrial jobs for them. How willingly would France underwrite such enormous capital investments after the last *colon* has left?

There isn't much doubt that the French are swiftly losing interest in the country which, when it held a million French settlers, had been the apple of their eye. France has continued to help its other former territories in North Africa, where the French community is now small and dwindling, partly to preserve political influence in the area, partly because these countries are still profitable markets for French exports. But there is no comparison between the sums that have been going to Tunisia and Morocco and those that have gone to Algeria, both before independence and since. While the annual French aid bill for Algeria now runs close to $300 million, it is not likely to stay there when the emergency has passed and memories

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have faded, unless the French can get some businesslike reassurances about their investments: a guarantee against sequestration or nationalization, a right to take out a fair share of their profits, a reasonable freedom to operate efficiently.

When I raised this issue with Algerian officials, they did not show excessive concern. Some said that the French could find all the reassurance they needed in the new Investment Code published this summer. Others suggested that France wouldn't dare reduce its financial commitments to Algeria "even if provoked by a program of accelerated socialism," for fear that Ben Bella might throw the French out of their atomic testing station in the Sahara and/or nationalize Saharan oil. French preparations for a new test in the Sahara provoked Ben Bella on September 23 to suggest that such tests might result in speeding socialism still further. (Actually, France is already preparing another atomic testing ground in the Pacific, and Saharan oil, too, is so costly that it would be hard to sell without the present French subsidies.) Still others made it plain that they would rather not rely on France in any case, and would be relieved to see the last of their former colonial rulers.

A Socialist State

It is hard to determine where Ben Bella himself stands. He oftens says that he wants and expects mutual co-operation with France. But where other rebel leaders had stressed the need for such co-operation after the Evian Agreements were signed, Ben Bella warned his countrymen: "Be ready to take over your country with rifles in one hand and picks in the other." (The OAS proved him right about that.) He has made an intensive effort to Arabize Algeria as quickly as possible, importing thousands of Arabic teachers from Egypt and Syria. He has borne down rather hard on the relatively few Frenchmen still living here: where everyone had more or less expected him to nationalize the remaining *colons'* land, many were shocked a few weeks ago when he suddenly nationalized Algiers' only independent newspaper, the strictly impartial but French-owned *Dépêche d'Algérie,* giving its employees twenty minutes' notice to quit the premises. He has even shown a growing impatience with the host of anti-colonialist Frenchmen who have come down here as advisers since independence —most of them left-wingers of Trotskyite or Jean-Paul Sartre-Simone de Beauvoirist tendencies—for what he calls their "patronizing" manner. "Our socialism," he told a student group not long ago, "is just as scientific as anyone's."

Above all, he has given the unmistakable impression that his socialist policies will not be a matter for political or economic barter, with France or any other country.

There have been several signs lately that this socialism will be not only accelerated but rigid. Except for the smaller farms already in private Moslem hands, no land will be privately owned: all of it will be the state's property, run on collective-farm principles. Part of Algeria's foreign trade has already been put under the control of a state board, which is preparing now to take over all major exports and imports and some internal trade as well. The emphasis in industry and commerce will be on the so-called public sector: "The principal enterprises will be nationalized," Ben Bella has just announced. The semi-public sector will exclude majority control for private investors; and the private sector, whether Moslem or foreign, may be squeezed pretty close to the wall. "There will be no well-to-do bourgeoisie created in Algeria, as has happened in most other African countries," Ben Bella declared just after his election. "I am here to prevent that."

Algerian officials may be right in predicting that some foreign investors might shy away from this socialist system. What would probably frighten them most, however, isn't the system itself but the awesome prospects of bureaucratic strangulation coming with it. Even now, with the economy relatively free, the clogged lines of interministerial communication have caused endless frustration. For example, the West Germans offered Algeria a credit of fifty million marks some months ago and haven't yet managed to pin the cabinet down to a single viable project. British investors who proposed a seven-year, $140-million credit to build five factories have seen the site of their first one—a sugar mill—changed three times since July. And a good share of last year's credit from France has not been spent because the cabinet hasn't yet decided how to spend it.

Considering the situation he inherited scarcely more than a year ago, Ben Bella can hardly be blamed for this confusion, which he is trying to correct now by reorganizing his cabinet. But he is selecting his ministers from among the "militants produced by the rank and file," who are not always qualified for their jobs. The newly appointed minister of the national economy, Bechir Boumaza —whose ministry will absorb the former ministries of finance, commerce, industrialization, and energy, as well as the planning office and development fund—is a courageous man and a true *inconditionnel,* but he has no economic training. While such measures might reinforce Ben Bella's revolution politically, they do not necessarily improve his chances of finding the foreign capital he needs, on the terms he requires.

Barring extreme provocation, he can probably count on substantial French assistance for at least three years, that being the earliest deadline reportedly set by President de Gaulle himself. But since Ben Bella cannot expect (and doesn't want) France to finance his whole development program, he must look elsewhere as well. For once, in this case, the United States doesn't seem to be at the top of the list. American intervention has been helpful in alleviating human suffering here: we are still feeding between three and four million Algerians, and our new food-for-work program will provide at least some jobs for the vast army—half the urban working force, two-thirds of the agrarian workers—of Algerian unemployed. But there are no large development projects under consideration in Washington, partly because of Ben Bella's flamboyant sympathy for Castro, partly because of the administrative untidiness prevailing here, but mostly because, as an American diplomat puts it, "We think this one is France's baby." While Ben Bella might try to change our minds during his current visit to the United States, he too appears

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rather diffident. Massive American aid, the Algerians feel, would mean a restraining American influence on their revolutionary socialist policies. "Fidel wouldn't accept that," says an aide of Ben Bella's, "and we won't either."

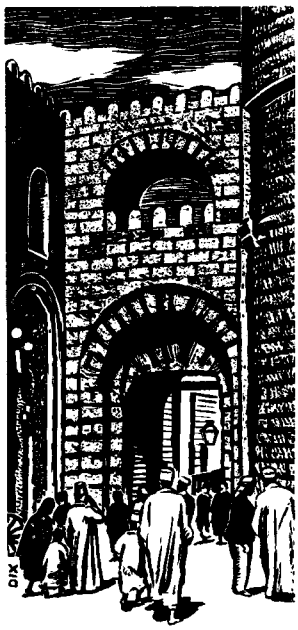
What the Algerian premier would evidently prefer is to get help from a wide range of countries less likely to balk at or interfere with his policies. But it isn't at all certain that the flagging interest of German and British investors, for instance, will revive as his policies are developed; and the help coming from smaller socialist or third-force countries has been disappointing. Though Tito responded faster than France did to Ben Bella's urgent appeal for tractors, the five hundred he sent were unsuited to Algerian soil, tending to break down after a few days' use; and Tito has not only made his friend Ben Bella pay a retail price for them, in Algerian oranges, but resold the oranges himself for hard currency. Nasser, on the other hand, didn't charge anything for the textile factory he sent recently. The factory, however, had been ordered from Britain twelve years ago and was already so out of date when delivered to Egypt five years ago that the machinery was never unpacked: it now stands on the Algiers docks in its 250 original British crates.

One Man's Power

It was probably to be expected, therefore, that Ben Bella would turn toward the Russians sooner or later, and he has done so; on the eve of the presidential election, he announced that Algeria had accepted a credit of $100 million from the Soviet Union —a modest start from the Russians' viewpoint, but a promising one.

It is no secret here that Khrushchev has been inordinately eager to help Ben Bella out, not for the same old reasons but as an important move in Russia's new cold war. For several years now, the Chinese Communists have had a strong appeal for Algerians: "There is a built-in tendency here," a western diplomat observes, "to lean toward the non-European, nonwhite, agrarian, and poor socialism of China." The Chinese Communists' dramatic Long March, the frightful poverty of their peasantry, the fact that Mao Tse-tung too is a *vrai militant,* have given Algerians the intimate sense of an experience shared. The pro-Chinese sentiment so widespread in government, intellectual, and army circles—especially in the army—is being fanned by a very energetic Chinese mission in Algiers. Conversely, there is little genuine sympathy in the same circles for the Soviet Union, generally regarded here as another "superpower" like the United States, with similar neo-colonialist designs on the nonaligned nations. The likelihood is, therefore, that Ben Bella accepted Khrushchev's aid with a certain reluctance, and took less than he was offered. But as his accelerated socialism gets under way, he will surely have to come back for more.

No one really knows why Ben



Bella is moving so far toward the Left so fast. He is not a Marxist, still less an intellectual one—Boudiaf's monologues on the subject in prison are said to have irritated him to distraction and his ideas about Algeria's future certainly sounded more moderate and flexible fifteen months ago than they do today. It is possible that his impassioned anti-colonialism has always had a more anti-capitalist bias than even his colleagues had suspected. He may have been pushed still further by pressure from the army, under the influence of its uncompromisingly pro-Chinese Marxist leader, Colonel Houari Boumedienne—whose support, incidentally, was indispensable in bringing Ben Bella to power. He may have decided, after grasping the enormity of Algeria's problems, that they could not be solved by anything short of a complete social revolution under his unconditional command. Or he may simply be reacting intuitively to the peasant masses who, after bearing most of the burden in a long and destructive war, could only respond to a leader offering a heroic revolutionary vision. No one who has watched Ben Bella address a crowd could doubt that he is saying what his audience wants to hear.

AT ANY RATE, Ben Bella's course now seems irreversible. The men who might have favored a different one have not only been rendered impotent but will soon be objects of pitiless popular scorn. While his own background is pure—he spent most of the war in prison—Ben Bella has all the dossiers on those who ran the provisional government-in-exile, practically all of whom did things then that they would rather not talk about now. He has just announced that he will reveal the dossier's contents "sometime in 1964," when the FLN finally holds its first national congress.

There isn't the slightest chance that this one-party Congress of Algeria, whose delegates will be selected by Ben Bella, would try to reverse the régime's political orientation, and no one else is likely to do that either. "There is no place in Algeria for an opposition," Ben Bella says flatly. "Every Algerian has the right to criticize me, but the place for that is in the party." Those who had fought so hard for Algeria's freedom and are now standing on the sidelines can do no more, therefore, than hope for the best. The future of their country rests with a man who has more title than they do to rule it, for there isn't a man among them who had shown Ben Bella's strength and resolution in the early chaotic days of independence. The disturbing thing is that this forty-six-year-old nationalist leader, whose popularity, sincerity, and genuine concern for his people are beyond question, has already begun to speak of himself in the third person.

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A Tandem to the Moon?

JOHN W. FINNEY

WASHINGTON

WHEN Congressman Olin Teague returned from a weekend of politicking in his home district in Texas recently, his first move was to fire off a rather testy letter to President Kennedy. The congressman wanted to know whether the President's speech before the United Nations proposing a "joint expedition to the moon" represented a change in national policy.

As chairman of the Manned Space Flight subcommittee of the House Committee on Science and Astronautics, Mr. Teague for two years had listened to administration officials justify the expenditure of billions of dollars on the basis that it was essential for the national prestige and perhaps indirectly for the national security to beat Russia to the moon. And it was on this basis that Mr. Teague had gone on the House floor and defended the lunar program, known as Project Apollo, in the face of rising misgivings among his colleagues about the cost —estimated conservatively to run at least $20 billion—of landing a man on the moon in this decade. Now Mr. Teague had the uneasy feeling that the President, with a rhetorical flourish before the United Nations, had yanked the political rug right out from under him.

THE PREPARATIONS for the U.N. speech began early in September, when the President was being urged by some of his principal advisers to go before the General Assembly with a message of hope and peace that might offset some of the saber rattling and Congressional criticism that had followed the signing of the test-ban treaty. The President, however, was dissatisfied with the drafts of speeches that were presented to him, so much so that he was threatening not to appear before the General Assembly at all. What the President was looking for was a specific and dramatic proposal that would be sure to attract attention. That proposal apparently came on September 18—two days before the speech—when James E. Webb, the shrewd and ebullient head of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, appeared at the White House for a conference with the President.

In recent weeks Soviet scientists had been dropping hints that they might like to discuss a co-operative moon effort with the United States. The hints were dismissed by the administration, including the President himself at a July 17 news conference, when they were passed on by Sir Bernard Lovell, the British astronomer who had been visiting Moscow. But the administration began to take the hints more seriously when they were renewed by the Soviet academician Anatoly A. Blagonravov during informal talks in mid-September with Dr. Hugh L. Dryden, Webb's deputy at NASA.

As they went over the draft of the United Nations speech, the President asked Mr. Webb how far he thought the United States should go in testing Soviet intentions. Mr. Webb, according to associates, suggested that the United States should "go all the way" and propose a joint expedition to the moon. Things moved swiftly after that—so swiftly that a day later, while the proposal was being incorporated in the final draft of the President's speech, Mr. Webb delivered a speech still pounding away at the theme of a competitive space race.

One of the main reasons Mr. Webb had gone to the White House was to enlist Presidential support in warding off a cut of several hundred million dollars that the House Appropriations Committee was threatening to make in the space budget. Such a cut—and a subcommittee has since recommended one of $250 million—would presumably foredoom any chances of achieving a manned lunar landing in this decade. In addition to the budgetary difficulties, Project Apollo was running into engineering difficulties that made it seem increasingly doubtful that it would be able to meet the Presidential deadline. Not surprisingly, there is now widespread speculation on Capitol Hill that the proposal for a joint expedition provided a convenient and timely way for the administration to get out of a commitment that in all likelihood would have been difficult if not impossible to fulfill.

This speculation was encouraged by the fact that a joint expedition presents such formidable political, engineering, and security problems as to seem like a pipe dream —particularly "in this decade," as President Kennedy put it. The space agency is already having such difficulties integrating the efforts of American contractors that Project Apollo engineers must shudder at the problems that would be posed in exchanging components with the Russians. A joint venture would also require a substantial lowering of the barriers of secrecy now surrounding space technology—a step that the United States might prove as reluctant as the Soviet Union to take, for it is becoming increasingly apparent that the technology will ultimately have military applications.

The practical problems standing in the way of a joint expedition are well known within the administration. As recently as his July 17 news conference, the President pointed out that the barriers of secrecy alone seemed to rule out a co-operative assault on the moon. A question inevitably arises therefore, concerning the administration's sincerity in proposing a co-operative effort with the Soviet Union, if by a "joint expedition" it meant something more than a co-operative exchange of scientific information about the moon.

NOW THAT the proposal has been made, however, the White House is proving unusually sensitive to suggestions that it has altered its course on the moon race or is trying to back out of its 1961 commitment of a lunar landing by 1969. When a reporter, on the day after the United Nations speech, wrote a story raising such suggestions, he was given an early-morning scolding by the White House Press Secretary in a long-distance call from Newport. It was Mr. Salinger's contention that the idea of a joint expedition was not new, and as proof he disclosed that back in 1961, in Vienna, Mr. Kennedy had suggested to Mr. Khrushchev:

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"Let's go to the moon together."

The disclosure of this apparently casual comment, which drew no response one way or another from the Soviet leader, provides an interesting historical footnote on the Vienna conference. But it does little to clarify the present situation. For if the President was thinking in terms of a joint expedition in June, 1961, why had he gone before Congress only a few weeks earlier with an appeal for "a great new American enterprise"? And why, all through the following two years, did he continue to ask Congress for billions of dollars for the specific purpose of beating the Soviets to the moon?

The Congo: Plugging A Sieve with Pinheads

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

LEOPOLDVILLE

NO ONE HERE pretends to know what the future has in store for this astonishingly chaotic nation—if nation it can be called—but there seems to be general agreement that sooner or later the Congolese are going to be left to cope with it themselves, and that the decisive power will rest ultimately with the Congolese Army.

For the moment, tentative agreement seems to have been reached that will guarantee a U.N. force of five thousand troops at least through the first half of next year. Most of the cost of this will be borne by the United States, with some help from Belgium—a backslider up to now on the Congo Fund—and Britain. None of the African countries has offered to share in paying the expense, although Nigeria, Ghana, and Ethiopia still contribute troops. The French-speaking African states have contributed nothing except a vague promise of technical assistance. But in a year's time, whether funds are available or not, the U.N. force will probably be entirely withdrawn or else reduced to a token airborne police unit.

U Thant understandably wants the Congo to be responsible for dealing with its own anarchy. He feels that he cannot afford to let the U.N. be bankrupted in money and authority by the antics of this wretched country. The U.N. has been fighting for its life in the Congo. Thant, like most of his aides on the thirty-eighth floor of the U.N. Building, wants out.

The feeling is widespread. Many in Washington agree with Thant that while the U.N. is an essential feature of this world, the Congo is all but superfluous. Dropping an expensive operation that cannot take two steps forward without taking one step back would save the United States money in this season of economies.

Here on the spot, however, the U.N. military commanders, who feel they have finally pacified the country by fighting both the tribalists and the U.N. civilian brass, would hate to see their efforts and their dead spent in vain. They realize that without a U.N. military presence here, the Congolese may soon be exercising their sovereign right to slaughter each other once again. American official thinking here is similar. It is argued that although the Congo is Belgium's moral responsibility, the Belgians seem interested only in getting a free ride from the United States and the United Nations for the return of Belgian business, in intriguing against the incursions of French finance, in steering this bankrupt country away from joining the stable French African-franc zone, and in sniping at America.

U.S. diplomats here feel that the argument of Washington budget cutters that Europe can be relied on to look after Africa is not realistic. Nowhere, they point out, is this more obvious than in the Congo, which without U.S. aid would presumably turn to Moscow. They insist that the cold war is being fought here as well as in Asia, and that the U.S. and the U.N. cannot just pull out, willy-nilly. In his speech at the U.N. General Assembly on September 20, President Kennedy put this argument in its simplest form. "Let us finish what we have started," he said. On this basis the plea is a compelling one, but it is nevertheless difficult to see an indefinite prolongation of the U.N. presence here. Indeed, the notion of the Congo being a prize in the cold war seems highly questionable. The fact of the matter is that much of Africa is at the moment up for grabs, and, cold war or no cold war, there are no eager takers, East or West, immediately in sight.

Everyone, particularly the African and Asian diplomats, expects trouble if and when the U.N. troops depart. Except for General Joseph Mobutu, no one thinks the Congolese forces can handle the situation. Forecasts run from violent local disorders to chaos.

Next Step: A Junta

Any way one looks at it, the Congolese Army will in all likelihood soon be the only force for order in a country rent by politico-tribal hostility; it will also be the most powerful potential instrument for disorder. In the long run, it will probably become the government. Everything—the incompetence, corruption, and divisionism among the politicians, the 1960 precedent that rifles speak louder than demagogues, the tendency for the officer caste to get better and more efficient, the existence of an army that more or less does what it's told while the politicians circle and bark—all these factors suggest that the Congo is headed for a government by military junta. Since the most that can be asked from the Congo is peace and order, a military cabinet, perhaps with the honest, capable, hard-working President Cyrille Adoula as civilian chairman, might be the best solution.

Mobutu, a recent official guest of the United States on a tour, remains the unknown quantity. His arrogance still conceals a lack of self-confidence, but he has much more control of his officers than before. General Victor Lundula, who has recovered completely from the disgrace of backing Patrice Lumumba, seems loyal. Colonel Louis Bombozo, the rugged individualist who

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commands the brigade once feared as the "Thysville Rapists," is now in Elisabethville, still ignoring headquarters instructions when it suits him. He is Mobutu's known remaining rival, but he is due to be promoted to general and retired at Christmas after thirty years' service, twenty-seven of them in the ranks.

Military agreements with Israel, Belgium, and the United States have been signed. Israeli parachute instructors have been here, and a few Congolese volunteers are now in Israel on jump training. Belgium has brought in more officer and noncom instructors. The United States is supplying equipment. Italy and Norway have been asked to train the air force and the navy, but have not so far responded; they are presumably waiting to see what the request means. Ex-Luftwaffe Colonel Walter Stahl, after two nerve-destroying years in the instructor's seat of a Dornier trainer, has still not managed to give wings to a single Congolese. The navy, mercifully, is limited to shore cannon and launchers.

MOBUTU has drastically cut in number the troops he inducted from the defeated rebel forces of Antoine Gizenga, Albert Kalonji, and Moise Tshombe. His total force is now twenty-eight thousand men. He has set up three training camps in Equator, Katanga, and Oriental Provinces. The five hundred former rebels from Katanga taken to Irebu in Equator were put through a tough course of discipline by Major Joseph Tshatchi, the commanding officer, who reduced all the Katangese to privates. Two hundred raw recruits have also since gone to Irebu for training.

As combat soldiers, Congolese officers vary from bad to awful. The best Congolese officers are admired by western observers for their administrative ability. Like Tshatchi, all the stars are "give 'em hell" boys, who have succeeded in imposing fear in their men by dint of character, rigidity, and ferocity of punishment.

At Albertville, on Lake Tanganyika, the three-hundred-recruit training camp is run by Lieutenant-Colonel Masiala, who built his own school, including married quarters, with wattle, mud, and grass, and is attempting to give minor unit training. Most all-Congolese training is limited to boot-camp drill.

Masiala is typical of the best of the Congolese officers. At Kongolo in 1961, against the Gizengist rabble known as Pakassa's Cannibals, he managed to use seven battalions about as effectively as two companies. But at Albertville he built a camp, devised a training program, imposed discipline, and even organized emergency work in the city when the lake flooded. He is typical of the better cadres of an army which could never fight a civil war against really determined tribesmen with firearms, but which could do effective police work with some abuse of power plus a certain amount of diligent brutality.

In Stanleyville, Lieutenant-Colonel Léonard Mulamba, an efficient ex-sergeant who once shot a soldier who answered him back, has turned his garrison command job into that of a sort of military governor, to stifle the flames of Lumumbism that occasionally flare among the idle and unemployed.

There are similar reports of efficient army units at Manono, where the Congolese have succeeded a U.N. garrison, and in troubled Kasai. Military observers speak highly of Major Ngombe, who commands the military gendarmes who have replaced—a great improvement—the shabby and lazy Léopoldville police who mutinied this summer (most of them were discharged or held for retraining). Political observers believe names like Ngombe's and Major Benzeni's of Kasai may be on the cabinet list before very long.

That the more successful of these up-and-coming officers may one day challenge Mobutu's sullen control seems emphasized by his tendency to let none of them get his hands on a headquarters job. Lieutenant-Colonel Ebeya, Mobutu's chief of staff, is a nonentity, and most of the work devolves on his young deputy, Major Jacques Puati, who in turn seems devoted to Mobutu.

The three hundred graduates of Belgian officer schools are mostly kept in the bush, trying to run useful projects like restoring road, river, or rail transport.

The army's main problem remains Katanga: six of the U.N.'s remaining eight battalions are there. The Indonesians are in Jadotville and Albertville, the Irish in Kolwezi, the Swedes and U.N. Congolese in Kamina, and both Ethiopian battalions are in Elisabethville.

Minor units aside, this leaves the Nigerian battalion in Léopoldville and the Ghanaians in the Kasaian capital of Luluabourg. Except for the Nigerian police instructors in Stanleyville—a counterpart to those in Léopoldville, Bukavu, and Kindu—there are no U.N. forces north of the fourth parallel, which roughly bisects the country.

It is in Katanga that the Congolese Army has shown up least effectively. This is the Achilles' heel of legitimate Congolese authority. Here the army sees itself as a conquering army of occupation, deeply and often justifiably suspicious of Belgian subversion, and thoroughly frightened of the armed rebel soldiers who have escaped into the bush. But Mobutu boasts he will restore order and confidence in the two mining states of South Katanga and Lualaba. North Katanga is relatively peaceful.

THE CONGO is still a mess. Indeed, it is a compound of many individual messes. If one looks at the U.N. record carefully, one is impressed that so much has been done; but it has been like plugging a sieve with pinheads and glue: there will always be more holes than metal.

At least the issues have been simplified. Some of the tribal political differences have been blurred, and presumably it will not be long before it will be simply a struggle between the army and the politicians, and then perhaps the army versus the dissidents, until unity is imposed, no doubt with further bloodshed.

Since U Thant seems determined to get U.N. soldiers out of this hornet's nest and Congress has determined to stop pouring dollars into bottomless buckets, the eventual solution for the Congo will presumably be Congolese. This brings us back to the army, the "guard of horror" that started the trouble by mutinying in 1960, and whose submachine guns still pack more power than any ambitious politician.

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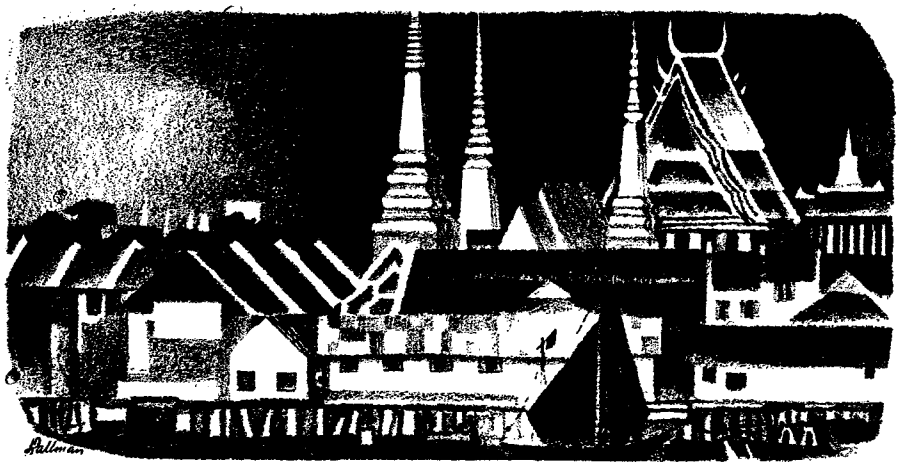

Agony in Saigon: The Lady & the Cadaver

DENIS WARNER

"Power," says Madame Nhu, "is wonderful. Total power is totally wonderful." Confronted with such statements, an interviewer goes away wondering whether this bewitching woman is not talking most of the time with tongue in cheek. Such is the totality and the wonder of the power that has passed into her hands and those of her husband, Ngo Dinh Nhu, brother of President Diem of South Vietnam, that they laid their plans to crush the rebellious Buddhist bonzes on August 24, the anniversary, as they were fully aware, of the St. Bartholomew's Eve massacre; the Nhus advanced these arrangements by three days only because they wanted to have the matter properly settled—"minimized" is Madame Nhu's word—before the arrival of the new U.S. ambassador, Henry Cabot Lodge.

To see that their operations against the bonzes were carried out successfully, the Nhus climbed into an army tank and thus protected were driven off to Saigon's Xa Loi Pagoda. While they watched, their police and special forces, armed with grenades and submachine guns, finally captured or killed the unarmed Buddhist monks who for weeks past had ridiculed and taunted the "first lady," as she is habitually called, and her husband.

In this, and in the successive attacks against the rebelling university students and high-school children of Saigon, the Nhus and the monastic President Diem proved themselves totally lacking in compassion and utterly divorced from the people they ruled. Obsessed with their own military success against the Binh Xuyen police-gangsters and the armed sects in 1955, they adopted the same tactics not only against the unarmed Buddhists but against the youth of the country, on whom any hope of winning the war against the Communist Viet Cong guerrillas surely depends.

"It is a question of honor for us to treat this movement [Buddhism] as a sect," Madame Nhu told me on the eve of the anti-Buddhist coup. She refused to believe that where once she won applause she would be greeted now by outrage and revulsion. She did not seem to care. "I shall never, never, never admit defeat," she said.

If the Ngo Dinhs had sat down to work out ways and means of depriving themselves of popular support, they could scarcely have planned better. They lied about the Buddhists, and their lies were exposed. They pretended that the pagodas were merely searched, but new plaster could not disguise the bullet holes or deny the Vietnamese people the evidence of their eyes and ears. Finally, when they rough-handled schoolchildren, they alienated entire families and communities, not merely in Saigon but throughout the country.

It would confuse the symptom with the disease to equate the excesses and blunders of the past three months with the failure of the Diem régime. The story is not that of Roman Catholicism against Buddhism, or even of a Roman Catholic government in opposition to a primarily Buddhist community. Religion was not a basic factor in the family's conduct, or in the opposition to it. The Ngo Dinhs are simply despots. Madame Nhu holds no official position other than that of member of the rubber-stamp national assembly. Yet she has had far more power than any cabinet minister, and in some ways more than Diem himself. The south of the country is her special domain, but on occasion she ventures into the center, where two other members of Diem's family, his brothers Can and Thuc, the latter the Archbishop of Hué, have control. Above them all, but again only in a nebulous advisory position, is her husband, Supreme Counselor Nhu, the Robespierre of Vietnam.

Together they form not a government but a curious family power group, a conspiracy built much more around Nhu than around Diem. Diem is the figurehead, politically naïve, but incorruptible, and providing a veneer of respectability. Nhu is the instigator, the creator of the régime's ideology, the organizer of its power apparatus, the secret Can Lao Party, the genius behind its dubious but effective financial activities, and, next to his wife, the most dynamic figure in the country.

For years, lacking anything that could be regarded as hard evidence, I rejected the charges of serious family corruption. It could be established, for instance, that Archbishop Thuc owned properties in the Saigon area; but it could also be argued that he held the properties in trust for the Church. This argument lost a good deal of its validity in April of this year, however, when Thuc made a private visit to Australia, and invested heavily in real estate there. From Madame Nhu

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herself I now have had firsthand evidence of the involvement of her brother-in-law Can in scandals in shipping and rubber plantations. Tainted by his corruption, she ordered her agents to investigate all of his affairs. "Search his ships a hundred times a day if necessary and it is within the law," she told them. Can replied furiously that he would kill her, but the searches went on.

From Can she turned to the ministry of finance. At first, she said, she thought that everything was in order and rebuked her investigator for making false charges against people whom she regarded as honest. "You are just a babe in the woods," he told her and produced the dossiers that now, to quote her directly again, have the corrupt "running like ants from a stirred-up nest."

WHAT Madame Nhu did not know or care to believe, however, was that the principal figure in the corruption was Nhu himself. Nhu directed South Vietnam like a gangland leader. His rackets included lotteries, opium, the Saigon waterfront, extortion and "protection" among Chinese business leaders, and exchange manipulation. Most of the money went to the Can Lao Party's slush funds. According to my informant, himself a member of the party, by August of this year it totaled $300 million. Its ostensible purpose was not the personal enrichment of the family but the provision of an alternative means of finance for its official treasury if and when U.S. aid was ever cut off, or if, as brother Can feared, it became necessary to retreat to redoubts in the mountains of central Vietnam.

Nhu's key agent until March was Dr. Tran Kim Tuyen, the former chief of the secret police. Tuyen participated in but disapproved of the family's affairs, trying by persuasion to bring about a more realistic and formal government. When he failed, he joined the planners of a military coup.

Having taken out his own life insurance by sending abroad evidence of the family activities, he was recently appointed consul-general in Cairo, but it is questionable whether he will ever be seen in Egypt. Nhu's nickname for Tuyen used to be *"trente-neuf,"* because the little man weighed only thirty-nine kilos. After the break between the two, he joked that because of Tuyen's fear for his life he had lost a kilo in weight and ought now to be called *"trente-huit."* Through Tuyen, Nhu kept dossiers on all potential senior officials, including cabinet ministers. His objective was to involve them if possible in some form of corruption. "Nhu is evil, but he is also very clever," said my informant. "Once he has someone in his net there is no escape. No one can discredit Nhu without immediately being discredited himself."

When Vu Van Mau, the foreign minister, shaved his head and offered his resignation in protest against the government's treatment of the Buddhists, he was told that he could not resign since the country was under martial law. Then, after being granted leave of absence and permission to go abroad, he was seized by Nhu's special forces on his way to the airport and taken back into Saigon. There he was shown "evidence" against him and allowed, several days later, to leave the country. Both the government and Vu denied that he had been arrested. A western diplomat, who had gone to the airport to see him off, called his detention more appropriately "Hitlerian gangsterism." "You will see," said my informant, "Vu will never talk."

An Attempt to Frame Me

If Nhu ever lacked evidence, he manufactured it. Back in Saigon after an interval of a couple of weeks early in September, I found myself accused of having served as a Buddhist agent, writing propaganda in English which was then translated into Vietnamese and distributed throughout the country. To support the charge, General Ton That Dinh, Nhu's military governor of Saigon, produced a photostat of the first page of the draft copy of an article I had written for *The Reporter* and which had been photographed by secret police in the guest quarters of an American friend in Saigon with whom I had stayed. As further "proof" the photostat was reproduced on the front page of the official *Times of Vietnam* on September 7, two days after I had again left the country. On September 9 I arranged for the delivery of a note by hand to a high-ranking Vietnamese. It accused Nhu's agents of theft and referred to my now somewhat detailed knowledge of Nhu's venality. The next day the *Times of Vietnam* revealed that the photostat had found its way into the Xa Loi Pagoda without my knowledge, that I was really an objective journalist, that I had been temporarily misled by the "foreign adventurer" (i.e., the American official) with whom I had stayed and had left the country in fear of my life on the advice of another "foreign adventurer" from my own country—the allusion in this case must be to a member of the staff of the Australian embassy.

It was easier for me to rebut charges of working for the Buddhists than it would have been for an innocent government official whose own life and liberty and those of his family were in the hands of Nhu and the secret police apparatus he had created. Nhu rules by a tyranny of fear. In the story of the failure of the Diem régime, his corruption, inasmuch as it involved the accumulation of funds, is of minor importance and far from unusual in this part of the world. "I think our corruption is much less than that of the Philippines," says Madame Nhu, and in this she is probably correct. But the difference here, a vital difference for the reason that the country is involved in a life-and-death war with the Viet Cong, is that Nhu's essentially corrupt approach to government poisoned the family's relations with the Vietnamese people, destroyed its credibility, and turned it, in effect, into a repressive organization with characteristics that are in many ways similar to those of the Binh Xuyen gangsters it once defeated and the Communists from which it is itself in danger of defeat.

IN ALL THIS, Diem has been a willing but almost certainly unwitting ally. Knowing little of him when he arrived in Saigon in 1954 after twenty years devoted mostly to prayer and meditation, I asked a Vietnamese friend to tell me about him. "He sounds too much of a priest for this situation," I suggested after he had talked of Diem's withdrawal from the world and his pledge of continence.

"Not a priest," my friend replied.

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"A priest learns of the world through the confessional. Diem is a monk who lives behind stone walls. He knows nothing."

This is, of course, an exaggeration. Diem works tirelessly and has kept himself well informed on many matters. Once he conducted a three-day operation with Civil Guard forces in the Camau Peninsula before he advised the army what was going on. And few matters have ever been too insignificant to demand his attention, including the domestic arrangements of his officials. Earlier this year I met a province chief who lamented that he wanted a divorce and could not get it. "The president has refused," he said, and that, apparently, was that.

As Saigon puts it, however, Diem has worn "blinkers" from the earliest days of the régime. Since it has been impossible for years for an outsider to carry on a normal conversation with him, he has never listened to the evidence against Nhu. For the same reason, it is obvious he has never doubted for a moment that the angry outcry against the treatment of the Buddhists and the students was part of a vast international conspiracy and not a reaction against bad government. Surrounded by sycophants who hurry to tell him the good news but never the bad, Diem has grown more and more stubborn and less and less amenable to any but family advice. He is convinced that he leads a benevolent government that has nothing but the best interests of the people at heart.

In his brief official biography (which is really an autobiography), Diem wrote of the traditional rule of Vietnam "by an enlightened sovereign and an enlightened government rather than the management of public affairs by the people or their representatives," and said his main concern was "to destroy the sources of demoralization, however powerful, before getting down to the problem of endowing Vietnam with a democratic apparatus in the Western sense of the word." Though sometimes there was a bad ruler, he noted, the government on the whole had a strong sense of public duty and responsibility to the people.

He would be outraged at the suggestion that he himself might be a bad ruler. But as Tran Van Chuong, Madame Nhu's father and former South Vietnamese ambassador to Washington, recently said of him and his brothers, "They are very much like medieval inquisitors who were so convinced of their righteousness that they would burn people for their own sake, and for the sake of mankind, to save them from error and sin."

Like medieval inquisitors, their witch hunting for sources of demoralization has been indiscriminate, haphazard, and ineffective. In Diem's inept hands and in the much more deliberate and much more evil grasp of Nhu, there has been no real government. Cabinet ministers became functionaries who did as they were told by Nhu and his wife and did not answer back. Rare cabinet meetings presided over by Diem became lectures, never discussions or debates. One minister who was courageous enough to protest the rough

handling of the Buddhists before August 21 gloomily predicted to an associate that he would be accused of treason within two weeks. He phoned him the following day to say that he had already been so accused.

The Tarnished Image

The provincial system was made to order for this curious form of rule by edict and family phone. The province chiefs became minor war lords, responsible only to the bigger war lords in the palace. Among them are many good and dedicated men. But others, lacking effective means of administration, have often fallen back on brutality to cover up their own deficiencies. Repressive laws and ordinances, even if not used nearly so indiscriminately as the Communists suggest, have added to their powers and to the paraphernalia of the police state, and a highly unsuccessful one at that.

Determined never to become a demagogue or to whip up popular support by the methods practiced, say, by Sukarno in Indonesia, Diem at his best was regarded as a good but misguided man surrounded by an evil family. After August 21 his father image became so soiled, however, that even if he had been prepared to send the rest of his family into exile, he had nothing left that would command the respect of the Vietnamese people. To use one of Nhu's favorite expressions, Diem had become a "political cadaver."

For this, Nhu was largely to blame. Though doubts have recently been expressed about Nhu's true attitude toward North Vietnam and the Ho Chi Minh régime, for years he gave the appearance of being so anti-Communist that he thought in Communist terms and wanted to fight the Communists with their own tools and weapons. Where British and American advisers on the strategic-hamlet program thought first in terms of security for the people, for instance, Nhu's primary concern was control. The result was that villagers liberated from the Viet Cong in clear-and-hold operations often found that they had merely exchanged one form of regimentation for another and were hard put to tell the difference. Land reform, so widely acclaimed, was in fact a ghastly flop. Far too conservative in character (a landlord was allowed to retain 115 hectares of land, compared with only three in Formosa, where land reform has been most successful), it was soon completely discredited.

Though for years they liked to refer to the free world and to Vietnam's part in it, the Ngo Dinhs used its principles and practices only to discredit them. During a visit to the United States in 1957, Diem said, "We are endeavoring to set the highest standards of justice to prove to our people, both north and south of the 17th parallel, that justice is a privilege of free men." But he apparently saw no injustice in seizing political critics and holding them without trial or in disqualifying through the courts, on evidence that was patently false, the only opposition candidate who ever won a seat in the National Assembly.

The elections themselves were always rigged. On instructions from

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the palace, province chiefs weeded out undesirable candidates, threatening those in the rural areas with arrest and trial by military tribunal as Communists if they did not withdraw their applications. Candidates who slipped through this screen and were subsequently blacklisted by the family were hauled into the courts, or simply defeated by ballot stuffing.

Just as the government has never been a government in the true sense of the word, the army has never been an army. Fearful of creating a rival power structure and contemptuous of the generals, Nhu divided them against each other and separated the best, and therefore those potentially the most dangerous to the régime, from actual command. Though they have imposing titles, they have no forces. Even after all these years, there is still no proper chain of command, and if the president feels so inclined he will still interfere directly in the conduct of a battalion-sized operation.

With personal grievances over such matters as pay and promotion and with a lack of any proper leadership at the top, it is scarcely surprising that army morale has suffered, or that junior leaders are not prepared to take the risks and the casualties that effective military operations against the Viet Cong demand.

U.S. Guilt by Association

Inevitably, the American image has suffered from its close association with this repressive family. "Many Vietnamese now believe that the United States is just a bigger South Vietnam, with more corruption, more nepotism, and bigger concentration camps," a Vietnamese intellectual said to me once. In the closing days of Frederick Nolting's tenure of office as U.S. ambassador, an incident occurred that raised widespread doubts about America's role. Nolting unwisely agreed to open a strategic hamlet bearing his name (an event marked by the tragic death of a child killed by one of his escorting jeeps) and puzzled many Vietnamese by going on record with UPI that he had seen no sign of religious persecution. Perhaps until August 21 the Buddhists were never persecuted, only discriminated against, but the timing of Nolting's remarks was singularly unfortunate. Its effect, rightly or wrongly, was to reinforce the Nhus in their belief that the ambassador was really on their side and in fact supported their plans, which had been discussed quite openly in his presence by Vice-President Nguyen Ngoc Tho at a farewell dinner. Tho declared categorically that the Buddhists would be crushed without the slightest pity as the opening gambit to a lecture that stopped all other dinner-time talk. It ended with his personal attack on the Thai ambassador, who, in defending Buddhism as a religion, said that after finishing his studies in Paris he had returned to Bangkok to become a bonze. Tho retorted: "So, after serving your first novitiate in the Place Pigalle, you had your second in a monastery, did you?"

In fairness, it must be said that Nolting merely represented U.S. policy: to work with and through the Ngo Dinhs in the prosecution of the war. Though muzzled by directives from the Pentagon and the State Department, few Americans in the field were not aware of the glaring and potentially disastrous shortcomings in the system of family rule. All the pretense has been abandoned now, and it is permissible even to question whether the war was ever going as well as the American admirals and generals would have had us believe.

THE MOMENT of truth may well have come too late. The situation has deteriorated beyond the point where reforms, including the removal of the entire Ngo Dinh family, will miraculously put the anti-Communist forces on the road to victory. The gallant and in many ways for some time successful American effort to help the Vietnamese people save themselves from Communism has been all but destroyed. There is no certainty that any new effort with any new team would succeed.

The Black Pawns of Bantustan

THOMAS STERLING

IN JANUARY, 1962, Prime Minister Hendrik F. Verwoerd of South Africa announced in parliament that his government was carrying its policy of apartheid to a conclusion and that limited self-government would be granted to 1.5 million Bantu-speaking people living in a vast area known as the Transkei, covering practically all of the republic's east coast. This first of a planned eight semi-autonomous Bantu enclaves, nicknamed Bantustans, will be a country within a country and is intended as much as possible to reflect its big white brother, rather like the negative of a photograph. The twenty-six thousand whites and part-whites (the latter being referred to as "Coloreds" in South African parlance) who live in the Transkei will have no voting rights and the 1.5 million black African Transkeians will be expected to discriminate against them and jealously preserve their own racial heritage.

All the Bantustans together will account for about thirteen per cent

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of South African land and will contain nearly five million of the country's eleven million black Africans. Each will be a separate entity with its own parliament and with self-determination in all matters—all matters, that is, except defense, foreign relations, internal security, posts and telegraphs, railways, national roads and harbors, immigration, currency, public loans, customs and excise, and the ultimate form of its own constitution. To ensure that liberty falls considerably short of license, the president of the republic will have veto powers over the laws passed by the Bantustan legislatures. The legislatures will be composed of the traditional chiefs of each region and of deputies to be elected by members of the tribes of the region, whether they live on the reserves or in the white areas.

The 16,000-square-mile Transkei, occupied chiefly by the Xhosa people, will serve as a model for later Bantustans. This area already has a limited degree of self-expression in a Transkei Territorial Authority composed of paramount and lesser chiefs who approved a draft constitution in December, 1962, and scheduled elections for the parliament that will mark the transition to Bantustan status this November. A million Transkeians outside the reserve and 1.5 million within will elect forty-five legislators; sixty-four tribal chiefs will be seated by right of rank. During the next five years the South African government intends to spend about $27 million on the Transkei (and $140 million on the other Bantustans) in an effort to show that the Bantustan system can be made economically and politically viable. African leaders both inside and outside the future Bantustans, however, are generally opposed to this ultimate extension of the apartheid policy, particularly since the granting of limited self-government to nearly five million Africans on the reserves is to be accompanied by a further reduction of the freedom of the six million who live in the white areas.

Feast of Unreason

Probably the majority of white South Africans are also doubtful about the government's Bantustan policy. It has always represented a radical solution to South Africa's race problem. (In 1922, for instance, the Communist Party attempted to recruit South Africans with the slogan "Workers of the World Unite and Fight for a White South Africa.") The government's chief opposition, the United Party, which represents forty-eight per cent of the white electorate, officially condemns the policy. Within the Nationalist Party itself there are rumblings from the Right, which refers to Dr. Verwoerd as a "Netherlands liberal." Of course, most white South Africans approve of apartheid in its intermediate forms—separate housing, separate amenities, separate standards of living—but since the Nationalists won power in 1948 and particularly since Dr. Verwoerd became prime minister in 1958, the illogic of apartheid has been followed to the bitter end.

This illogic was well expressed in the report of the Tomlinson Commission, which was set up to recommend a program of development for the reserves. Published in 1955, the report approved the Bantustan concept of "separate development," or complete segregation. "Where the continued existence of a people is at stake," the report stated, "purely rational considerations play a relatively unimportant role." It went on to predict that under a Bantustan policy the "underlying tension and fear felt by both groups would disappear." Rational considerations have seldom played such an unimportant role.

What the present government dreads most about integration is an extension of the vote, which could only benefit the opposition, white as well as black. By the inequities of the electoral law, the Nationalists came to power in 1948 with a minority of the vote. Moreover, one-quarter of all Afrikaans-speaking people voted against them. In fact, the slightest extension of the franchise in South Africa, or increased immigration from the wrong white countries, would almost surely bring the present government down in spite of its apparent strength.

At the heart of the Tomlinson Report were two recommendations. The first proposed that larger, more efficient farms be developed throughout the reserves. However, this step would eventually cause an estimated two million farmers to be thrown out on the labor market in areas already suffering from mass unemployment and a low standard of living. To deal with this problem, the report's second major recommendation urged that white industries be set up in the reserves near concentrations of available labor.

The government adopted many of the agricultural recommendations but rejected the industrial development of the Bantustans as violating the spirit of apartheid. With ruthless consistency it suggested that industries be located on the *borders* of the reserves, despite estimates that this would be prohibitively expensive.

In the Transkei, agricultural reforms have already made considerable headway. Professor Hobart Houghton of Rhodes University has called the program there "one of the largest rehabilitation schemes ever attempted outside the U.S.S.R. and China." A senior official in the Department of Bantu Affairs has declared that he can increase the yield of most farms four- or fivefold. Reform of the wasteful agricultural and grazing practices was long overdue and would reflect credit on any government that undertook it, if the circumstances were different. The new methods—unaccompanied by any compensating growth of industry—are displacing farmers in an area that already had twenty-five thousand unemployed and coincide with the shipment of thousands of Bantu-speaking people in the western part of Cape Province back to the reserves, filling their jobs with Cape Colored. The reforms are also linked in unpopularity with the government's policy of discouraging private ownership of land in favor of tribal tenure and with its strengthening of the authority of hand-picked chiefs.

Back to Tribalism

The government's espousal of tribalism is an integral part of the Bantustan idea, although it runs counter to the recommendations of the Tomlinson Report. It also runs counter to the African trend toward nationalism and is designed to be a countervailing force. When the

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Transkei Authority was set up under the Bantu Authorities Act of 1951, the government selected the chiefs to administer the territory. Popular resentment of the political and agricultural changes centered on these leaders, some of whom barely escaped with their lives. Chief Botha Sigcau of the Eastern Pondo became embroiled in an old quarrel about his title and was finally saved by a fleet of armored government cars. After the Pondo rioting, in which more than thirty people were killed and nearly five thousand blacks and two white men were arrested, the whole Transkei was subject to strictures of Proclamation 400, which amounted to martial law. This proclamation is still in force and is not an auspicious introduction to self-government.

The center of the storm in the Transkei is Chief Kaizer Daliwonga Matanzima, chairman of the Transkei Territorial Authority. Until recently, Kaizer Matanzima has had the government's unstinted blessing. He is a tall, impeccably dressed man in his middle forties who looks ten or fifteen years younger. As even his opponents admit, he is the most capable leader in the Transkei and was the obvious choice of the government to be chairman of the Territorial Authority. He had begun speaking as a black nationalist as early as 1956, and while this would have made him unacceptable in any other white-dominated country, it endeared him to the Afrikaner Nationalists as nothing else could. For instance, he has insisted that the whites living in the Transkei should have as few political rights as the blacks in the rest of the republic. When asked directly about this he smiled and said: "But isn't that only fair? I have no basic objection to Transkei whites sharing political rights here, but that is multiracialism, which is against government policy." Chief Matanzima also said that he admired Dr. Verwoerd's political honesty. "In spite of what happens in the rest of the republic, this is the first time that Africans here have been offered anything positive in the way of self-administration and full control of their own development."

But Matanzima's power in the Transkei is not so great as the government had hoped. The thirty-four-year-old Paramount Chief Sabata Dalindyebo has the unswerving allegiance of the Tembu, the most powerful tribe in the territory, numbering almost half a million. His proposal that all the 109 members of the legislative assembly be elected, with the sixty-four chiefs, himself included, sitting in an upper house instead of in the more powerful assembly, has made his own chieftainship unassailable. He drives his black Buick alone all over the territory, while Kaizer Matanzima, who is not a paramount chief though he claims to be, is under a twenty-four-

hour guard of white and black police. The whites, therefore, while perfectly capable of forcing any solution they want, are understandably hesitant to choose as the Transkei's first prime minister a man who could hardly walk down the road alone without being hacked to pieces. Of course they may do so simply because they are so heavily committed to him, but Matanzima himself, when asked if he thought he would be the first prime minister, said somewhat wearily, "No, I don't think so."

Six Million Disinherited

One factor, more than any other, turns the merely difficult dream of the Transkei and the other reserves into a nightmare. While possibly as many as five million people in the Bantustans are to be given some taste of self-government, more than six million others outside the Bantustans are now about to be completely disinherited and are destined to become mere chattels.

Over the last fifteen years, the rights of Bantu-speaking people outside the reserves have been systematically withdrawn. Now, the Bantu Laws Amendment bill up for passage in the South African parliament brings up to date all previous legislation pertaining to black Africans. It is obviously intended as the other side of the Bantustan coin: if limited freedom is to be granted on one side of the borders, then all but the faintest shadow of freedom must be taken away on the other. In such matters the Nationalist government has a passion for symmetry. As the South African Institute of Race Relations puts it, "All Africans throughout the area outside the reserves are to be treated as foreigners and as interchangeable pawns." The immediate effect of the amendment bill will be to put all black African labor directly under the control of the Minister of Bantu Administration and Development, ignoring the few guarantees these people had to continued residence and even to family association in an area. Wives may be kept from their husbands, and children over the age of fourteen who don't accept the work offered them can be sent away from their homes. By dictating the quantity and even the quality of labor to be used in any area, the minister can also control the location of industry and set aside work for persons of certain races in sections of the country. Since even before this, an average of 370,000 black Africans were *convicted* every year of violating supervision and control regulations, the new law promises very little civil peace.

The amendment bill further provides that almost any Bantu-speaking person in a white area may be declared "idle" or "undesirable" and then may be sent to a farm or work colony unless he signs an approved work contract. Nor will he be allowed to look for another job if he refuses a particular kind of work; instead, it would appear, he will either be sent to his reserve—

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which may be completely foreign to him—or directed to specific employers and, possibly, confined to specified types of work. Included in the definition of "undesirable" workers are those who possess unlicensed firearms, who persuade others to stay away from work or join any organization, or who protest against any law.

Probably the most curious aspect of the situation now shaping up is that, with three-fifths of the citizens of the future Bantustans living in the white areas, men who barely have rights of assembly will form the majority of voters electing candidates in the reserves. Presumably, therefore, the candidates will bring up matters that affect voters outside the Bantustans as well as inside as they barnstorm the white areas. As most political issues on the farms and in the townships will be directly concerned with labor and existing laws, it is hard to see how anyone will get himself elected without first being classed as "undesirable" and sent to a work colony. The situation may become exasperating enough to make some want to possess unlicensed firearms.

THE RACES are slowly being sealed off from each other. As one of the former leaders of the banned African National Congress said to me in his little office in the twilight zone between the black and white areas of Johannesburg, "I'm afraid that very soon violence is going to be our only means of political communication."

He was merely being delicate. Violence is already the only means. *Umkonto we Sizue*, or the Spear of the Nation, which undoubtedly is run by former Congress leaders, engages in selective acts of sabotage and its clandestine leaflets now only faintly echo their former pleas for conciliation: "The whites must realize, and the sooner the better, that they have created a situation so intolerable that the Africans are beginning to storm the citadel. . . . The choice is between white domination and white privilege maintained through bloodshed, turmoil, and conflict, or freedom, power to all the people of our country, and peace. The time to choose is running out."

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Idea of a University

HOWARD NEMEROV

ON SUNDAY MORNINGS President Ramshorn inspected his university, or at least went around it with one of his deans, this morning Dean Bildad of the Graduate School of Divinity. The president chose Sunday for this tour because almost no one was about, and there would be relatively little bowing and scraping to acknowledge.

Because it was the first Sunday of term, and maybe because of the presence of Dean Bildad, the occasion lent itself to wistful philosophizing on the themes of grandeur, achievement, and the passing away of men and worlds. The president began.

"What talent I've got," he said, "is for money. Don't think I don't realize that's why I'm here. Look at that now, Bill."

"That," still mostly hidden by foliage, was the new Aero Engineering Building, a long glass-and-metal shed slanting from the middle of the Park into the space between two old red-brick buildings given to the mellower studies of English and History.

"There didn't seem anywhere else to put it," said the president. "And even then they had to take down the Trysting Elm to get one of those fighters through the doors. But you've got to move ahead, you can't stand still."

"Place has changed," Dean Bildad said, "since we were undergraduates. World much harder to see around nowadays. Did you know that the kids can major in Hairdressing now? in Cosmetic Chemistry? in Fashion Design?"

"It was the Angel Azazel," President Ramshorn reminded him, "who taught men the art of war and women how to paint their faces. Book of Enoch. And of course I know everything that goes on here."

"Apocryphal," said Bildad, and the two men walked on in silence until he took up the theme again. "I've just remembered that when I studied Physics you weighed things with spring balances. A spring balance, now, is something I can understand. A touching little instrument, with a homey charm all its own. I don't imagine they'd let a spring balance through the back door these days."

"No, they have somewhat more, ah, sophisticated methods now," the president vaguely allowed. "When I spoke of knowing everything, a moment back, I meant, of course, in a general way and with respect to its administration. Even Solomon, dear Bill, though quite correct in choosing wisdom, didn't know everything, but only everything pertaining to earthly rule."

"The world is too specialized," Dean Bildad agreed, if it was agreement. "No one—or so I'm told—can even know his own field any more."

"I certainly hope that isn't true," the president replied, "especially considering the salaries we pay some of these fellows nobody can quite say what they're about. What is slow light, Bill, would you know?"

Dean Bildad said it might maybe refer to the dawn of understanding in a student's head.

"I don't have to know exactly," the president went on, "but I would like to know if it means something just a shade off the standard figure—these scientists make their triumphs on what seems so little sometimes—or whether the stuff really does just creep across the floor. We've bought this fellow name of Mordecai Bosch, got him in out of Austria; well, he received the Nobel Prize for 'the invention of slow light,' that's what the citation said in the *Times*. Those Swedes must have had expert opinion; he's got to know what he's about—but how would you check?

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He doesn't teach, of course, he just thinks."

"You could ask him."

"Oh, I wouldn't want to do that," the president said; obviously he had already rejected this solution. "He's a very tetchy fellow, his English isn't good . . . They've had some trouble with him already, you see, because he hasn't got clearance. The Security Officer tried to explain to him, and did explain to his colleagues, that the Project wasn't to be mentioned in his presence till his clearance came through. So he sulked, Bosch did, for several days, and then began coming around during coffee breaks and committing breaches of security; it seems he thinks classified thoughts."

"What project would that be, now?"

"Well, Bill, I'm not allowed to say. But Defense thinks a great deal of it, I can tell you that."

Having completed their tour of the Park and its circumjacent buildings, they now boarded the president's limousine for a survey of the outlying precincts. Whitman, the Negro chauffeur, held open the door for them, and then resumed his place at the wheel.

"It's not only specialization," the president said, referring back a bit, "but integration."

Dean Bildad placed a finger before his lips, then indicated with it the Negro's back.

"Integration of disciplines," President Ramshorn went on, "confusion of fields. Fifty years back, Bill, a chemist stayed in one building and a physicist stayed in another building. Chemistry was cooking and Physics was playing with blocks. Atoms were bricks and there was no nonsense about three dozen invisible pieces inside them. Economists had never heard of anthropologists—no more had theologians—see what I mean? The world was more dignified, as well as simpler.

"I tell you, Bill," he went on, "a young fellow Clemence, in Math, at dinner the other night—Grace and I have them to dinner, you know—he was trying to explain to me what a Lobachevskian triangle would look like, and why; well, I tell you, I was morally affronted. Not because he drew it on the tablecloth, no, but because a triangle has got to add up to a hundred and eighty degrees, or

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the world is going to hell!" He slapped the seat beside him in emphasis, and added: "A razor made of glue!"

"What?"

"Time. He said that time was a razor made of glue. Brr."

The dean nodded.

"What you say is true in my bailiwick too, Fred. We've got a good school, I think, and in one way you might figure Christianity has never been more popular, especially with the intellectuals. But sometimes I wonder if it's Christianity. In our day a kid went to Divinity to be ordained, and go out to preach—theology, criticism, homiletics. Hebrew and Greek, that's what he studied. Then Comparative Religion got big. The utter silliness of a curriculum," he suddenly exploded, "that puts that sort of thing in a Divinity School just because it has 'religion' in the title. If I had my way, Comp. Rel. would either be got rid of entirely or be taught as far as possible from our lot—on the Agricultural campus, maybe."

"You can't go back into the past, I guess," said the president.

THE CAR was rolling through a run-down neighborhood of sagging frame houses bordering the railroad; Negro families were sunning themselves on the steps.

"Sooner or later," said the dean, "we'll have to buy up all this and clean it out. The town won't do it, and we need the land. The way it is now, our buildings are all dispersed over the landscape and the town pushes in between."

"This here?" President Ramshorn was surprised. "This does belong to the university," he explained. "It's our model slum."

"Is that—is it, well, ethical?" the dean inquired after a long pause.

"It's a very big project," answered the president. "Sociology wanted it badly, Economics wanted it for some studies they were doing, the Political Scientists found they could use it to good effect on local government, then the Anthropologists got in the act . . . Finally everybody could see it as one huge integrated project, the Lasswell Foundation put up matching funds, we got the Department of Fine Arts to use faculty architects—and we went right ahead. Imported the tenants from Georgia. I assure you, Bill," he added earnestly, "it's an improvement in their situation, a real improvement. And of course it makes a situation where they can be studied. They've got their own churches, of course, if that's what you meant."

The car stopped beside an enclave of buildings new and old, large and small.

"Psychometrics," the president said. "I believe they study children."

"They are in my business too," the Dean assured him. "They are trying to induce religious ecstasy in a selected group of divinity students and make electroencephalographs of the results; they say they are correlating Unitive Experience with variation of the Alpha rhythm."

"You don't say," said the president, and both men got out of the car.

Approaching the entrance of a white marble building without windows, the two men were stopped by a sentry, one of two armed MPs who flanked the iron door.

"Sorry," he said. "Authorized Personnel only. I'll have to see your passes."

"Young man," said Dr. Ramshorn, "I am the president of this university."

"Can't anything be done about that, sir," the young man replied civilly enough.

"We didn't actually want to go in," said the president, "only to walk around."

"Not allowed," said the sentry.

"Young man," Dr. Ramshorn said, "I'll take your name and serial number, and I can promise you are going to hear about this; if necessary the Base Commander is going to hear about it. This is my university."

On hearing this the sentry presented arms, making an effect of deference and defense together.

"I wouldn't push it, Fred," advised Dean Bildad in a whisper. But now the president smiled.

"Good man, soldier," he said. "Strict obedience, letter of the law, no exceptions. Just testing," he added, "just testing."

Taking Dean Bildad by the arm, President Ramshorn, evidently pleased, turned him gently back toward the car.

"I bet we're the only campus in

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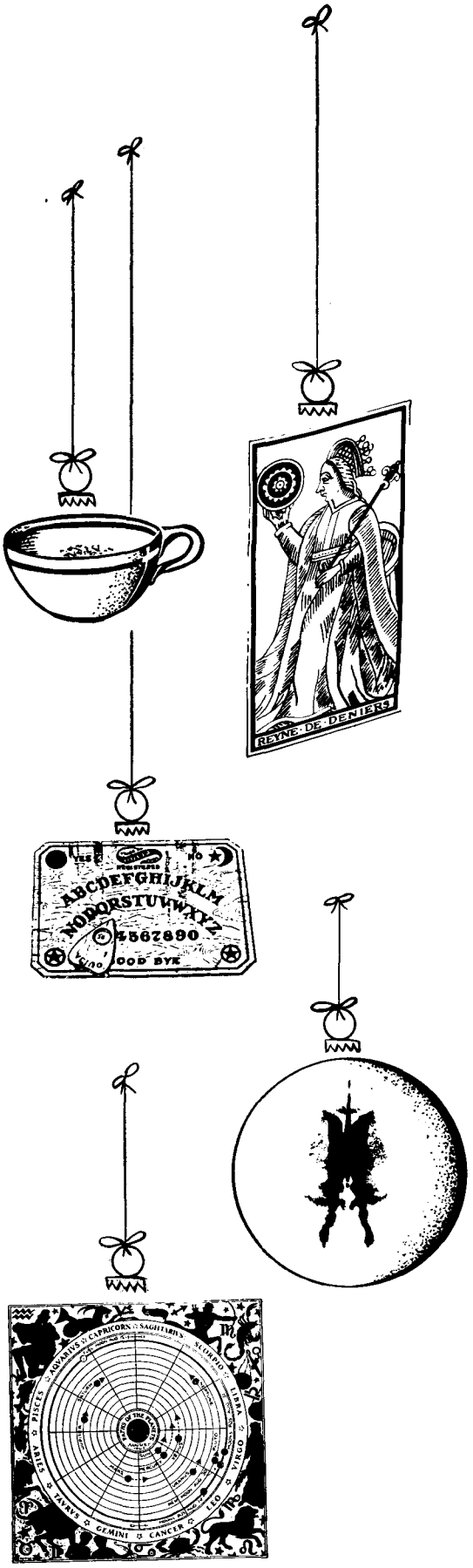

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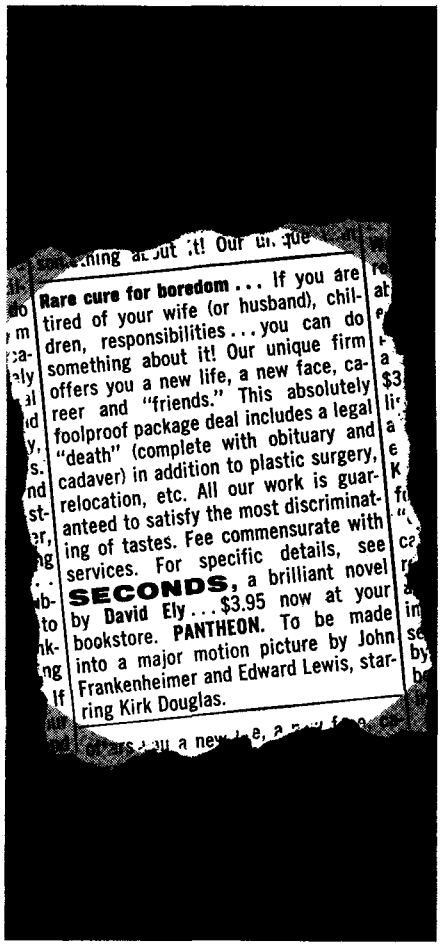
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the country," he said, "with a Maximum Security Experimental Prison."

"An oddly elegant though appropriately tomblike arrangement," said Dean Bildad.

"It was built for the Art people," said the president, "to house the Caithness Collection. Then the Caithness Collection was torpedoed on the way over, but luckily the courts held that we had already accepted it formally and were paying the freight in an American bottom, so the insurance went to us. That's how we built the new all-denominational chapel," he added, "so you can see how everything adds up in the end."

"What do they do in there?" asked the dean, taking a glance back at the prison.

"Defense is doing studies in brainwashing, Bill. The Korea business got them mighty scared. They don't call it brainwashing, of course. I bet you couldn't guess the code name for the operation?"

"I guess I couldn't," said the dean.

"Operation Dry Clean," said the president, grinning, "because American brains couldn't stand the shrinkage, get it?"

"I get it."

"General Maclehose told me that. Got a keen sense of fun, General Maclehose."

Whitman held the door open, and the two got back in the limousine. Off they went toward the completion of their rounds.

"I like making this tour," said President Ramshorn. "Oh, I know we don't actually *do* much, but it kind of reassures me that everything is in its right place. And I get to know you fellows better, too. After all," he added with much seriousness, "a university gets its name because it is modeled on the universe. Whatever they have out there, we have here too."

But now it neared noon, and activity increased in and around the campus. For the last item on their tour, the president had Whitman halt the car briefly before the plate-glass front of their newest installation, the Random Access Computer Unit. Inside the window were visible several metal boxes, a couple of consoles, and a large typewriter which, with no evidence of human control or for that matter attention, was patiently printing something across and down an apparently endless roll of paper that fed in turn into a large but overflowing wastebasket.

Of Toads and Half-Truths

JOHN SPEICHER

LATE IN AUGUST, the New York *Daily News* ran an editorial questioning the use of public funds to subsidize studies of the biology of the bumblebee and the habits of the moth. The *News,* bemoaning the nation's yearly research bill of nearly $15 billion, called for formation of a Congressional panel, since materialized, to "research the researchers." In the words of the *News:* "At least one Congressman has tried to find out whether the Government as yet has bankrolled any researches into the love life of the Central American toad. The answer up to now seems to be No; but you never can tell."

Surely the *News* was only teasing. It must have known that the answer was actually Yes, for one need only look into any recent annual report of the National Science Foundation —as interested congressmen will be doing all winter—to discover that at least some cousins of the Central American toad have already been given quite a lot of close attention by American herpetologists working under government grants.

But whatever else the recently formed Congressional panel may conclude about government-sponsored research, it is already amply evident that a high degree of specialization, fostered in part by government grants, has been turning American science into something of a house

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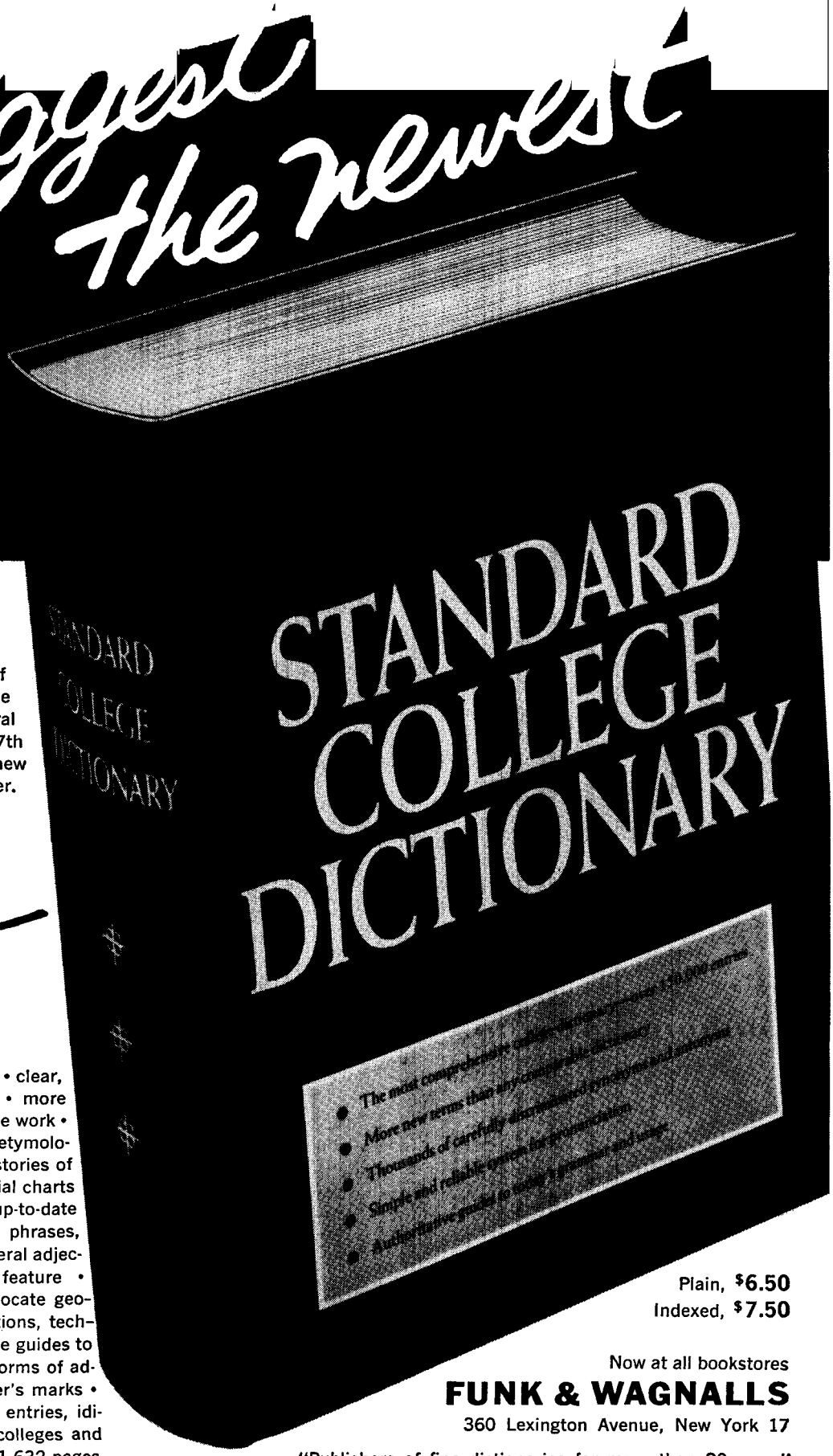

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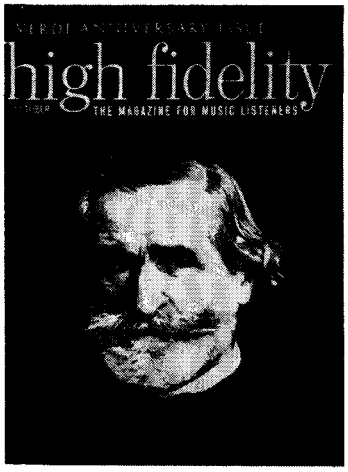

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divided. The cultural gap that has been said to exist between humanists and scientists is paltry compared to the divisions within science itself that have been increasing right along with the availability of Federal money for research. Indeed, for many scientists the receipt of a grant may often be the most meaningful symbol of professional respectability in a time when even other scientists in the same field often cannot understand or care about an individual's research.

LAST AUGUST, when the 16th International Congress of Zoology brought together some two thousand scientists from sixty countries for a week-long program of meetings in Washington, all the problems wrought by galloping specialization came along to the capital. Alfred S. Romer of the National Academy of Sciences wrote as follows of the tenuous grounds on which the zoological meeting was conceived: "So far has zoological fragmentation gone that when the organizing committee for the present congress first met, the question was posed as to whether this process had not proceeded so far that it was futile to hold a further congress in this field. The committee's reaction to this was . . . that the congress should be a step toward reunion of the zoological sciences into a coherent discipline, making a broadly based attack on the problems of animal life. It [was] with this ambition for a rebirth of zoology," Dr. Romer continued, "that the committee chose as the symbol of the congress the phoenix, reborn from its ashes."

The fragmentation was apparent enough to anyone who took the trouble to read the plastic-covered name badges on the delegates' lapels in the lobbies of the Sheraton-Park and Shoreham Hotels. There were molecular biologists like Vernon Ingram, Seymour Benzer, and M. S. Meselson—of MIT, Purdue, and Harvard, respectively—who came to the capital to recount a decade of advances with the electron microscope in the attempt to crack the genetic code by which the living cell replicates itself. These men, who with Olympian objectivity are apparently reducing to understood quanta nearly all that has seemed unanswerable about the physical creation of life, currently form the fashionable elite of zoology. In the same lobby were gentlemanly scholars of an older tradition such as the Oxford don Niko Tinbergen, who ventures to the Irish coast in Cumberland to observe the eggshell-removing, nest-camouflaging activities of black-headed gulls. And there was the eminent paleontologist Elwyn Simons of Yale, who has spent the better part of his life examining the fossil teeth of man's early primate ancestors. If pressed to state the common interest that brought many of these men to Washington, one would be sorely tempted to cite the need for funds to carry on their disparate projects. Between $75 and $100 million of public money goes annually to the support of zoological or biological research.

Although there are probably more than ten thousand zoologists in the United States today, it is becoming almost meaningless to speak of a science of zoology. Departments of zoology remain in many universities, but the rubric "biological sciences"—note the plural—is considered more accurate and up-to-date, and the Department of Biological Sciences has already begun to crop up among academic centers conscious of trends and ambitious to attract clever students who can win prestige—and ultimately, therefore, more grants. It seems reasonable to suspect that zoology might not be quite so diversified if so much Federal money had not been pumped into it over the past decade. While most researchers certainly branch off into a specialization because they have been led in that direction by phenomena, it must also be recognized that com-

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 86

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

A. 144 184 118 124 92 4 200 36 30 86 Nautical expression originally pertaining to lines, but now meaning to take something in proportion (4,6).

B. 210 14 170 Unexposed side.

C. 42 206 108 90 84 134 98 158 16 A daughter of Agamemnon.

D. 56 20 48 192 32 130 164 112 8 100 180 106 Said of plankton, pertaining to a definite zone in depth.

E. 214 18 198 154 54 116 "Stop up the ___ and passage to remorse." Shakespeare, "Macbeth."

F. 62 138 82 188 128 212 Location of Brunei.

G. 194 6 224 166 202 74 "That thousands counted every groan,/ And _____ made his woe her own?" Arnold, "The Grande Chartreuse."

H. 196 104 204 68 120 "Whatever Miss T. eats/ _____ into Miss T." De la Mare, "Miss T."

I. 222 94 142 190 34 182 An Old World nonpasserine bird with a slender curved bill.

J. 46 2 96 122 162 38 88 66 110 72 52 220 24 Sensitive, easily excitable.

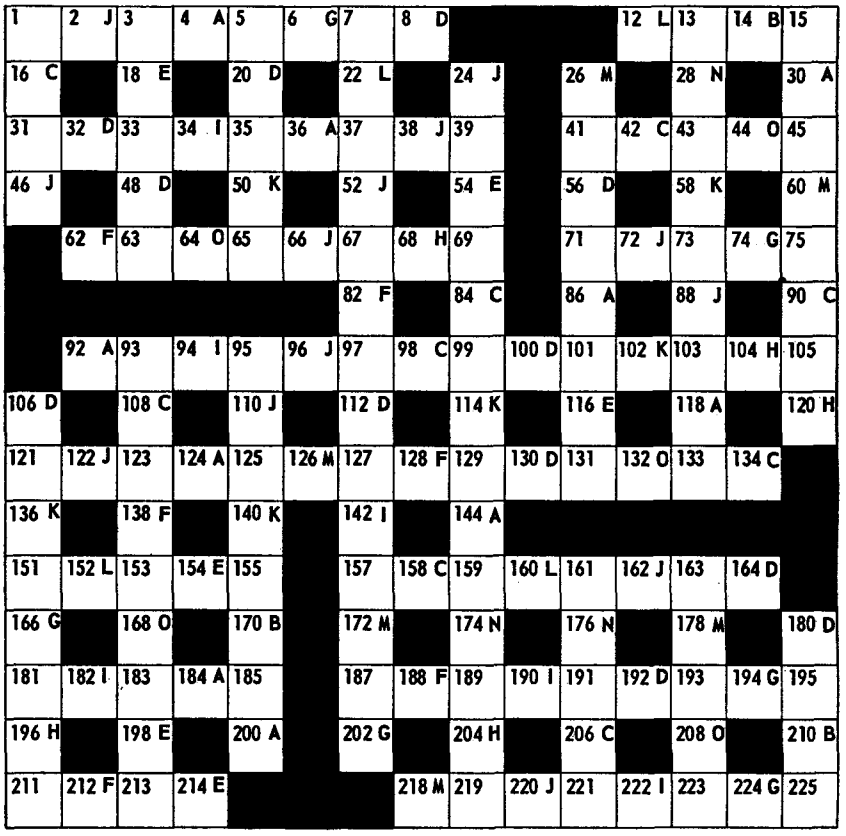
K. 102 136 50 140 58 114 "Sin that ____ is but patched with virtue." Shakespeare, "Twelfth Night."

L. 12 152 160 22 Scene of a famous naval battle in Sino-Japanese War, 1894.

M. 26 172 178 218 60 126 To decrease.

N. 28 176 174 An elf's child.

O. 168 132 208 64 44 To cure fish with salt.



ACROSS

1. Cricket match, but about a point for scientific equipment (4,4).
12. Beaten in many better ways (Obs.)
31. Vehicle for the Acrostician.
41. Lied a bit and was ill.
62. Same disordered in bent, but went underground.
71. It's finer to deduce.
92. Set the mast up. Creation?, No, but limited violence (5,2,1,6).
121. The surgeon's incision or scene one of a play? (7,7).
151. Deceitful when two; met when one.
157. In film he explored the Arctic region of cold and dark.
181. Ever a one to rob and plunder.
187. Not 151 across. No competition.
211. A bean may be a cozy thing if you take a hundred off.
218. Instruction to one setting up a mast or to remain? (4,4).

DOWN

1. With in, complete; without it's diplomacy.
3. Canes cut for what Plautus's stage hands set.
5. The poetess spends two shillings for a tropical hat.
7. Artfully persuading with a dairy product? (9,3,2).
13. A type of liar? (4-5).
15. See the spider? It was caught in opposing currents (4,4).
24. Endure Canadian peninsula with a strong fort for hard breathing trial (4,4,6).
26. Past Cape Gris-Nez sails the sloth.
93. You get a hundred with each Tory in such a government.
95. Rudolph is the ninth one of these creatures.
106. Order of the general of a mechanized army or what he seeks after hours?
161. With slap, mentally confused; contented otherwise.
163. A girl is aboutto make her debut.
180. 41 across loses first letter, stirs, and becomes still.

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petition for grant money—by researchers and by their laboratories or schools—has also provided a motive for specialization in recent years.

Despite the protests of hostiles like Democratic Representative John Lesinski of Michigan, the government has been thoroughly committed to subsidizing pure science along with specific projects devoted to military technology. Keeping in mind the atom bomb and penicillin, the men who dole money out in Washington have accepted the economic value of relatively abstruse studies as an unpredictable variable that might, possibly by accident, yield very practical returns for the welfare of the nation. A biologist who wants to study bat reproduction will not find it necessary to entitle his research-grant proposal, as one young man did eight or nine years ago, "Studies of the Effects of Gamma Radiation on Normal Cells of Significance to Cancer Diagnosis and Therapy." During the past few years, as the same scientist remarked in Washington, he could have frankly described his project as, perhaps, "Some Morphological and Histological Studies of Connective Tissue, After Exposure to Gamma Radiation, in the Scrotum of a Bat." Of course, if the Congressional inquiry leads to a tightening of the purse strings, scientists may have to resort to the half-truth once again.

As THE MEETINGS in Washington wore on, fewer and fewer of the original two thousand persisted in attendance at the morning symposia. Rows of empty chairs were the rule. Micropaleontologists, in the privacy of a cocktail lounge, spoke derisively of their colleagues who go into the field to study animal species as "Boy Scouts." In other camps, it has been said that a molecular biologist cannot distinguish between a sprig of parsley and an elephant, since under the electron microscope they both look about the same.

There is obviously a lot of new and vigorous activity in the broad field known as zoology, but the inevitable trend toward specialization only emphasizes the fact that scientists are no more apt to be curious about things they are not directly concerned with than doctors, musicians, or motormen.

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'Coachmen's Music'

FRED GRUNFELD

MEMOIRS, by Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka. Translated by Richard B. Mudge. *University of Oklahoma Press. $5.95.*

When Glinka writes that his mother's brother "had" an orchestra, he does not mean that Uncle Afanasy *conducted* the orchestra (as Rameau's nephew might have), or that he *employed* it (as an Esterhazy would), but that he *owned* it, lock, stock, and barytone, the players as well as the instruments. It was still the fashion in the first half of the nineteenth century for Russian gentry to own private orchestras and even whole opera companies composed of serfs. Those serf children who showed most promise were often sent to Moscow for advanced training, usually with a German music master, and were then able to bring the benefits of Haydn, Cherubini, and Méhul to the most distant and isolated country manor. A well-trained musical serf (with, say, the equivalent of an Eastman or Juilliard education) might fetch up to fifteen hundred rubles, and a really fine opera-singing serf (of, perhaps, Metropolitan Opera caliber) would be worth five thousand. Orchestras were sometimes trained together and sold as a package group (no returns, no exchanges). Chamber ensembles of ten or twelve were common, and the more elaborate establishments "had" serf orchestras of three hundred or more. Considering the maintenance costs, plus instruments and overhead, it must have been terribly expensive to be a music lover in old Russia.

As a boy, Glinka never tired of listening to his uncle's orchestra perform waltzes and quadrilles at country balls. He would try to play along on a fiddle or a flute, with the result that "My father frequently became annoyed with me for not dancing and not mixing with the guests, but at the first opportunity I would always come back to the orchestra."

Somehow, despite the manifold distractions of an aristocrat's life, Glinka always came back to the orchestra. He was a fearful hypochondriac who never persisted in anything else, but he could be tenacious and hardheaded enough on questions of music. To everybody's surprise, including his own, he started an aesthetic revolution almost single-handed and went down in history as a national hero. "The ever-beloved Glinka, immortal founder of the Russian school of music," said Moussorgsky, "has pointed out the road to truth!" There are dozens of notable way stations as music in and out of Russia pursued its way along the road pioneered by Glinka—and they include not only *Boris Godunov* but also *The Firebird, El Amor Brujo,* and *Porgy and Bess.*

GLINKA's curious little autobiography, one of the most valuable source documents on Russian music, has now been translated by Richard B. Mudge and published by the University of Oklahoma Press (which, in the past decade, has issued an enterprising series of musical memoirs and letters by men like Louis Spohr and Alfredo Casella). These memoirs may not rate as literature, but they have a certain charm with occasional flashes of Russian sentiment. Gogol might have plotted

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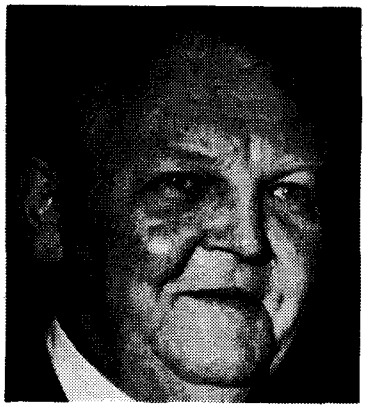

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some of his adventures—as when Glinka goes to the provinces to recruit singers for the Imperial Chapel and is fawningly mistaken, like Khlestakov, for a visiting *revizor*. He has a gift for thumbnail characterization of the ladies in his life: there is Ninie, for instance, "quiet, but a little bit bad in some ways"; Tekla, "still young and of quite pleasing exterior"; Adeline, who sang off-pitch "from timidity—or perhaps just from habit"; or Dolores, "about twenty, small, with an interesting face and a build that was perhaps a bit on the sturdy side"; and so on, with thirty-two variations. He also wrote a classic description of how his wife looked in the morning: "When she got up, she would put on one of my dressing gowns, and, unwashed, with sleep-stained eyes, uncombed, with slippers on bare feet, with a cigar holder between her teeth and abuse on her tongue (when she dealt with the servants), she would stride about from room to room issuing her orders. Instead of roses and lilies, the prematurely withered face of my proud spouse was a sickly bluish-gray as a result of her immoderate use of cosmetics." He adds, "I was not often with Maria Petrovna at the dacha."

GLINKA was forever ailing with real diseases brought on by the medical treatments prescribed for his imaginary ones. In his childhood he was made to wear his fur coat indoors: "I was seldom allowed out in the fresh air and then only in warm weather." Fortunately, along with the neurasthenia, he developed a supersensitivity to sounds. He was eight years old when Napoleon invaded Russia and the Glinka family had to escape from the village near Smolensk "which belonged to my father"; afterwards, what he remembered best were the tocsins sounding the alarm—"I was listening with my earlier eagerness to the ringing of the bells, distinguishing the chimes of each church, and then painstakingly imitating them on my two copper bowls."

He later studied the piano and took harmony lessons in St. Petersburg, but for practical experience he had recourse to his uncle's orchestra. "Before a full rehearsal I would go over each individual's part with him—except for a few of the better ones—until there was not a single false note or even a doubtful one in his playing." In this instructive fashion Glinka prepared what must have been the local premieres of works like Mozart's G Minor and Beethoven's Second Symphony. He thus taught himself the complex art of orchestration, which involves knowing what each instrument can play best and making the whole sound more interesting than the sum of its parts.

AS A MAN of property, Glinka could not afford to become a professional composer. His early efforts were limited to salon romances that were warmly received by the ladies. On an extended tour of Italy he learned how to imitate the *sentimento brillante* of Bellini well enough to have some works published by Ricordi. Then it dawned on him suddenly that "I truthfully could not become an Italian," and his homesickness made him think of "composing like a Russian."

Relatively little of Glinka is available on records in this country. There are, however, two notable performances: *Kamarinskaya*, by the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande under Ernest Ansermet (London CM-9291; stereo CS-6223), and *A Life for the Tsar*, by the Lamoureux Orchestra with Christoff, Gedda, Stich-Randall, and Markevitch (Capitol GCR-7163).

To reach this goal he had nothing but instinct to guide him. The very term "folk song" had not been invented, nor the whole arts-and-crafts mystique that goes with it. Glinka loved peasant songs for their own sake, and because they suited the Russian character: "Love, that delightful sentiment which gives life to the universe, is with us always linked with sadness. There is no doubt that our doleful Russian song is a child of the North and perhaps even sent to us in a certain way through the people of the East, for their songs are also mournful . . ."

A Life for the Tsar struck most of the St. Petersburg snobs like a slap in the face when it was first performed at the Imperial Opera in November, 1836. Countess Nesselrode said it was disgraceful to put

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onstage the songs she heard from her serfs; it was coachmen's music—"*C'est la musique des cochers.*" Her *mot* made the rounds of the salons; Glinka muttered that a coachman is a more sensible person than a gentleman. But the Tsar himself was moved to tears by the opera, and as Richard Mudge points out in his careful annotations, many of the critics realized at once that Glinka had ushered in a new era—"the period of Russian music."

From the way Glinka describes his own working methods, the very existence of *A Life for the Tsar* is a miracle. Three Russians with conflicting views first sketched out the libretto and then Baron Rosen, the Tsarevitch's German secretary, was called in to patch up the words. Glinka thought they didn't matter; he cared only about the music, which he cribbed together from a dozen different Russian and Polish folk sources —including one melody admittedly sung by coachmen, who were evidently the gondoliers of old Russia. His second opera, *Ruslan and Ludmila,* took shape no less haphazardly. The libretto was based on Pushkin's poem; a casual friend "sketched it out in half an hour, while drunk, and . . . the opera was written according to that plan." The music followed between cures, affairs, and excursions, rather more in sickness than in health. One evening, for example, while Glinka was in a feverish condition riding a coach to St. Petersburg, "my imagination became inflamed and that night I got the idea (and also thought it out pretty well) of the finale which later served as the basis for the overture to *Ruslan and Ludmila.*"

Tchaikovsky, who was proud of his professional status as a composer, admired Glinka's music but took a dim view of the *Memoirs* when he read them in the 1880's. He thought they showed all the faults of a typical Russian aristocrat—"petty vanity, limited culture, intolerance, ostentatiousness and a morbid sensitivity to criticism." He forgot to add that there is not a trace of cant or camouflage in these pages, and none of the bogus moralizing that Wagner made popular. Its fopperies notwithstanding, Glinka's autobiography is the year's most useful addition to the musical shelf.

The Tribes Of the City

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

BEYOND THE MELTING POT: THE NEGROES, PUERTO RICANS, JEWS, ITALIANS, AND IRISH OF NEW YORK CITY, by Nathan Glazer and Daniel Patrick Moynihan. *M.I.T. Press and Harvard University Press. $5.95.*

A good deal of more or less patriotic oratory has been devoted to the theory that new arrivals in the United States wanted nothing more than to abandon their own past and adopt both the language and the ways of the earlier immigrants who ran the country. The trouble with the melting-pot theory, essentially a fearful and contemptuous one, is that it disregarded the instincts, the habits, the inheritance, and the stubbornness of those immigrants it sought to homogenize. What's more, according to the authors of this book, it hasn't worked out that way.

Ethnic and national groups in New York have not disappeared. Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Jews, Italians, and Irish are still acutely conscious of their origins. It is not that they have remained as they were when they came from abroad or up from our own South. The very fact of coming to New York was the beginning of change, since it meant a release from the particular difficulties that impelled them to come. Of course they were destined to meet other difficulties. And each group brought a set of inherited qualities that would help or hinder them.

The southern Italians and Sicilians, as Mr. Glazer makes clear in one of the chapters of this absorbing book, came as a vast migration of villages, just as long centuries earlier the classical Greeks moved to Calabria and Sicily. The Greeks had brought with them their warring city-states; the southern Italians coming to New York reconstructed their villages in the city blocks, each village still mistrustful of the others. They brought with them a devotion to the family that was superior to, and exclusive of, devotion to anything else. They also came with a

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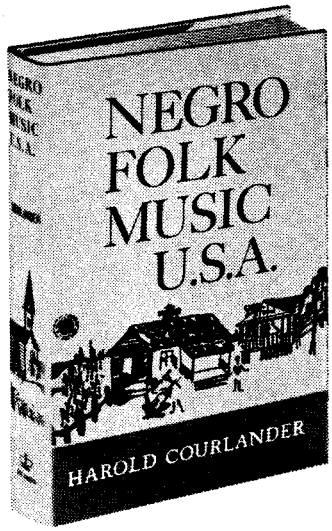

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resigned conviction that in New York, as in Italy, their destiny was to be oppressed. Forced into subservience at home to the landlord and his agent, they offered no resistance in New York to the heavy exactions of their local Italian bosses upon whom they depended for protection and jobs. Unlike the Irish, great numbers of them lived in the hope of going home and were therefore willing to work even under the worst conditions if by doing so they could accumulate the necessary funds for their triumphal return. They lived in the city and yet apart from the city, and even the organizations they formed—some of them predatory—served to maintain its apparition. The Irish kept politics closed to them, and they could not compete with the Jews in business. Until quite recently they did not even seek to take their place in the broader trade-union and political movements of the city.

IT TOOK AN IRISHMAN, Daniel P. Moynihan, to write the Irish chapter in this book; it will bring down some Irish curses upon his head, but it is brilliant and honest thinking. It comes to this: the New York Irish started out with the cards stacked against them as badly as they have ever been against any minority group. Like the Italians they brought with them a social system, that of the Irish village, which had been built up as their defense against long oppression. It comprised a sense of hierarchy, a great respect for and dependence on the village leader. In New York the village leader became the "boss." Against great odds, the Irish managed in time to turn New York into an Irish village. "The Irish were immensely successful in politics. They ran the city. But the very parochialism and bureaucracy that enabled them to succeed in politics prevented them from doing much with government. In all those sixty or seventy years . . . in politics, they did very little. . . . In a sense, the Irish did not know what to do with power once they got it." They now, of course, are losing their grip on local power, which is being taken away from them by the Jews, even the Italians, and, to a growing extent, by the Negroes.

Should Girls Go to College?

WILLIAM KNAPP

THE GROUP, by Mary McCarthy. *Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.*

Applejack punch, Clover Club cocktails, liver pâté, borscht, meatloaf, chili con carne, chipped beef, baked beans, Baked Alaska, May bowle: this is not the menu for some ghastly college reunion picnic, but a list of the recipes—the author fussily prefers to call them "receipts"—that lard the pages of Mary McCarthy's new book. The author, in an essay on the novel, has said, "You can learn how to make strawberry jam from *Anna Karenina* and how to reap a field and how to hunt ducks." Now she has gone Tolstoy at least seven better, and if there is a suspicion that this might be too much of a *Good Housekeeping* thing, that suspicion is justified. Relentlessly she catalogues household bric-a-brac: "milk glass, Sandwich glass, Wedgwood, Lowestoft, Crown Derby. . . . toast racks, muffin warmers, a Lazy Susan . . . muffineers full of powdered sugar, finger bowls in which flowers floated." And just as relentlessly she stirs into her prose, like Sun Maid Raisins or Baker's Chocolate Chips, clichés that would jolt even an editor of what we have learned to call a woman's service magazine: "Kay and Harald had just about fainted when they heard what Dottie had been up to, behind their back." "The fly in the ointment was Sloan. She was afraid he would see red . . ."

What, then, seems to be the receipt for this book, listed as a novel, by a woman whom an awed reviewer has likened to Pallas Athena? What is she *up to now,* this Mary of ours, whom the critics, in conformity to an American pattern, treat more and more as some sort of National Monument the longer she stays abroad decrying their crassness? The receipt, it could hastily and unfairly be said, might be: Take a bunch of half-baked characters and fry in a very hot pan until done. But, to stay in the book's

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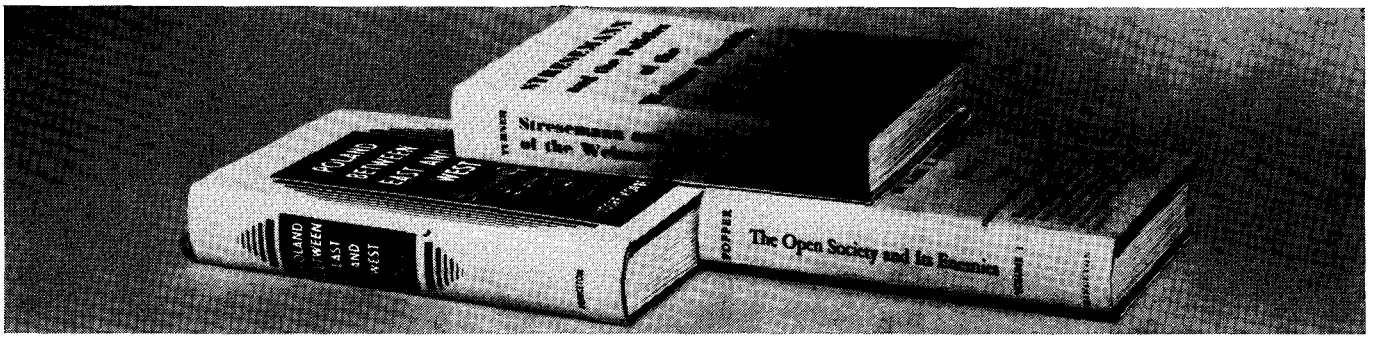

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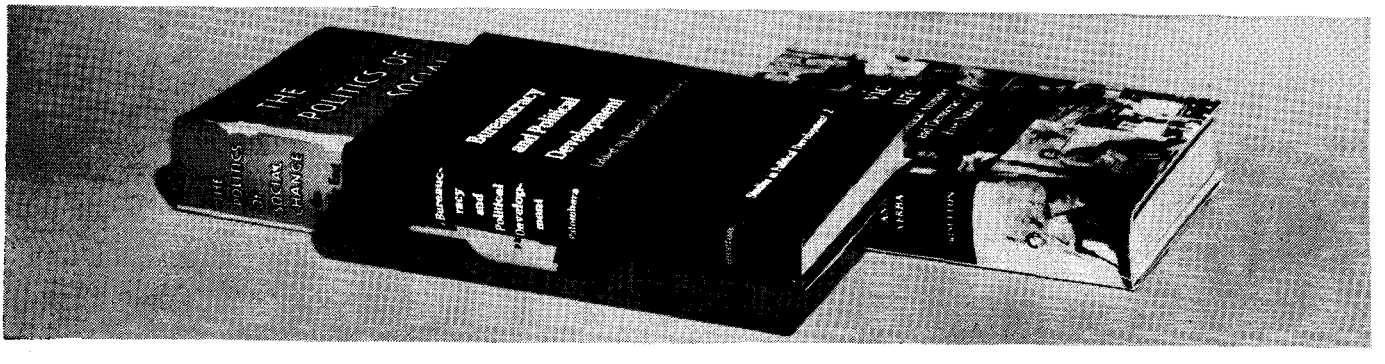

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A bright nosegay then quickly rose:
The bright pain, from my best love's blows.

You hardly, now, could see the break
Where love surprised me, like the Snake
That brought down Eden with one shake.

The tiniest node, or twinge, at last
Is all can mark out from the past
That bright nosegay, my love's long waste.

—M. L. ROSENTHAL

vein (inverted commas droop everywhere, like leaves in a grape arbor), they are "done to a fare-thee-well." They come out of the pan tasteless cinders.

The book is about nine members of the Vassar Class of 1933 living in and out of New York from the time of their graduation until 1940. (Sounds of alumnae book-buyers murmuring interestedly offstage. Sounds of suburban booksellers wondering whether to stock a dozen copies or two dozen.) It celebrates, fully, a full list of feminine Rites of Passage: Defloration, Marriage, Parturition, Adultery, Psychotherapy, Death. (Sounds of alumnae rushing to booksellers.) Who are these girls? They are, in all, a hapless, hopeless crew: a sometime Macy's trainee, who lets her egocentric husband shove her in the booby hatch for no apparent reason; a girl by the name of Dottie, who we are asked to believe is a Boston blueblood and who undergoes the most tediously protracted loss of virginity ever recorded outside the pages of Dr. Van de Velde's *Ideal Marriage;* a wrenlike creature named Helena, whose purpose never is quite resolved; a supposed rich girl named Pokey Prothero, who flies back and forth to a veterinary school upstate in her own airplane three times a week, thus soliciting from us the most arduous suspension of disbelief since Fitzgerald's "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz"; a sleazy literary agent; a Lesbian who disappears to Europe between the first chapter and the last (in which she turns up with thirty-two wardrobe trunks); a slattern who mouths psychiatric jargon; a mousy type named Priss, who is terrified of what her pediatrician husband will think of their child's nursing and toilet habits; and—the most ingratiating of the lot—an eccentric, Renoirish blonde, who sloughs off a Stalinist editor to "find happiness with" (quotation marks mine) a (hold on) well-adjusted ex-psychiatrist. There is also a chapter on the Protheros' English butler, which brings to mind nothing so much as Alan Mowbray being pushed through the wrong door on a movie set. There is, in fact, an awful lot of offstage pushing and pulling. Dottie is hauled arbitrarily out of her seducer's life; the Macy's girl is ignominiously incarcerated, and then, final indignity, pushed out of a window of (what else?) the Vassar Club —because, we feel, the author thinks it's time for the funeral that ends the book.

Is it bouillabaisse or Irish stew? Sometimes, it must gratefully be said, the latter. When Miss McCarthy forgets the strings of clichés and the shelvesful of *bibelots,* she is fine: "Her eyes, which were a light golden brown, were habitually narrowed, and her handsome, blowzy face had a plethoric look, as though darkened by clots of thought. She rarely showed her emotions, which appeared to have been burned out by the continual short-circuiting of her attention." "The more Polly read and studied Gus, the more convinced she became that the only thing wrong with him was that he was spending $25 a week going to a psychoanalyst. And she asked herself whether that could be a disease, a

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form of hypochondria, and whether you would have to go to an analyst to be cured of it."

There are moments of insight and virtuosity. But basically, why are these pale dolls being pushed around before this cyclorama that might almost be a Disneyland attraction labeled "Streets of the Thirties"? What relevance does it have for the Modern Educated Woman, mother of 2.8, wife of junior exec? Why did these girls go to Vassar at all, if their consciousness was to be so little dented by it? The easy answer is that it was a neat way to get them together. The harder answer has been given by Miss McCarthy herself, incomparable player of literary games, in one of her essays: discussing certain modern novels, including her own, she says, "These books, in short, are dramatic monologues or series of dramatic monologues. The reader . . . senses the author, cramped inside the character like a contortionist in a box, and suspects (often rightly) some trick." ". . . For the writer today (the writer who has any interest in character) it has become almost obligatory not merely to traverse social barriers but to invade the privacy of a soul so foreign or so foetal as to seem beyond grasp." "Much of modern literature might be defined as the search for one's own diametrical opposite, which is then used as the point-of-view." "An arcane laughter, too infernal for the reader to hear, quietly shakes such books; the points, the palpable hits . . . may altogether escape the reader's notice. Indeed, . . . sometimes . . . the reader . . . complains that the style is full of clichés, when that, precisely, is the point."

The point, then, is that she is exploring and deploring the ordinariness, the obliviousness, the obtuseness of these contemporaries of hers, who were only *in* a time that she, for one, was notably *of*. She is celebrating what Milton called ". . . the common rout,/That wandering loose about/Grow up and perish, as the summer fly."

Is an extraordinary talent usefully employed in such an exhaustive examination of ordinariness? I doubt it, but read Miss McCarthy's essays. And if you happen to be a fiction writer, don't do as she does, do as she tells you.

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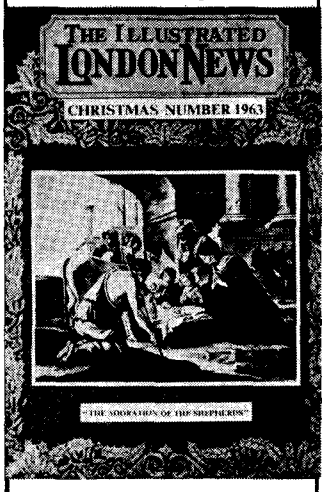

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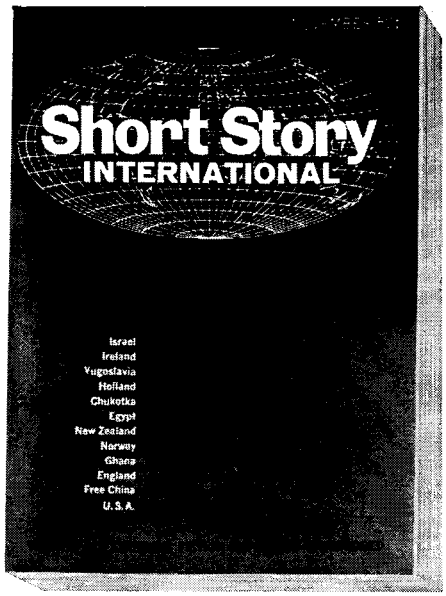

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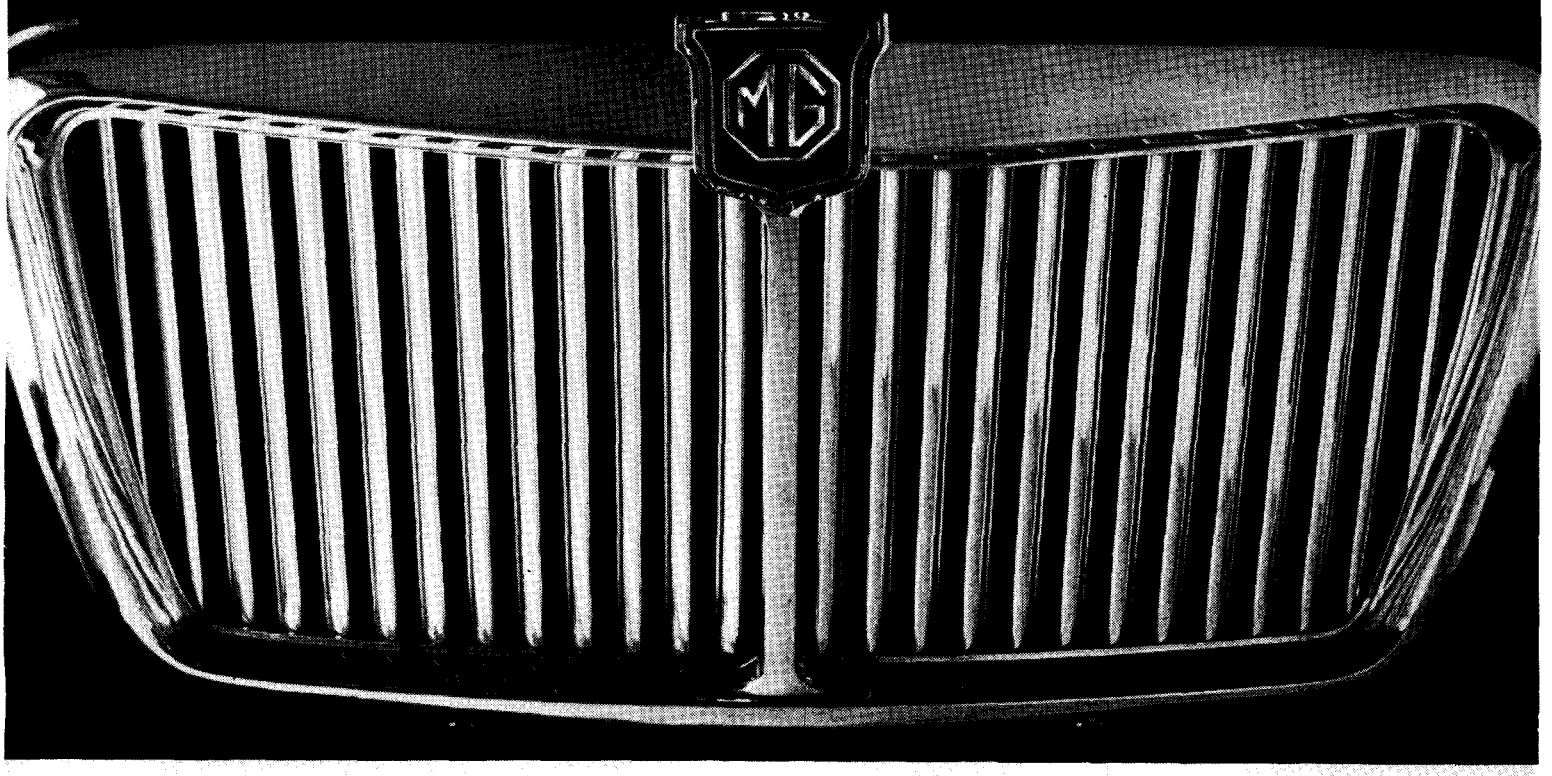

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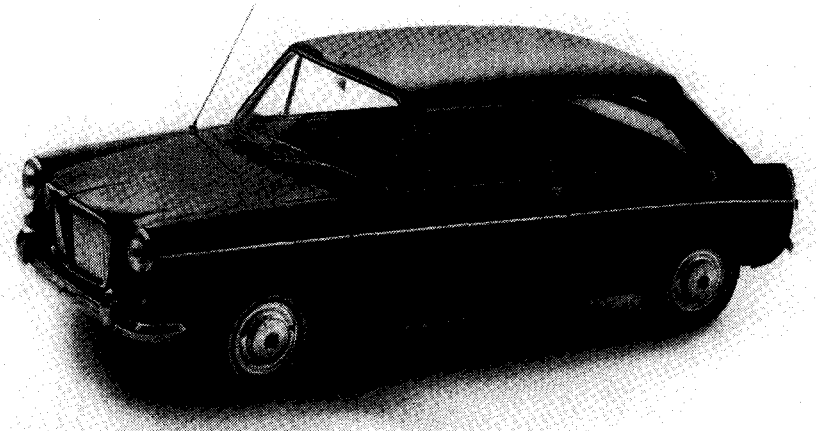

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— from Martin Chuzzlewit by Charles Dickens, eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks

For more than two centuries, history's great and near-great, including the immortal Charles Dickens, have looked to the house of Justerini & Brooks for the finest in wines and spirits. The discerning today also turn to J&B for the memorable in scotch whisky. Try J&B Rare yourself. Flavour unsurpassed.

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